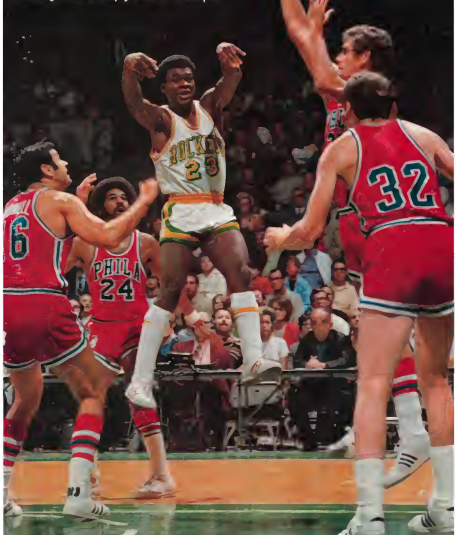


Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 18, 1979 60 CENTS

THE LITTLE MAN IS BACK

San Diego's Calvin Murphy bedevils Philadelphia



The new color portable that won't give you a hernia.

It's a dazzling new concept in color portables: portability.

Most color portables can be moved. As most of your furniture can be moved. If absolutely necessary.

But man, unlike his sofa, does not live in the living room alone.

So Sony made a color portable man can live with.

(Note the famous Sony one-hand carry.)

That man can take to his bedroom. That man's wife can take to the kitchen.

That man's children can take and watch TV in color in any room of the house.

And, man, what color.

Trinitron. It's a different system. No one else has anything like it.

Because, in 19 years of color TV, Sony's the only one to invent a new and better way of getting a color picture on the screen.

(In this particular instance, a brighter, sharper 9" picture, measured diagonally.)

And, of course, the Sony KV-9000U is all solid state. So it's not just small.



Man does not live in the living room alone.

It's good and small.

To see it is to love it.

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For \$309.95*, you can have color TV in every room in the house.

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Trinitron®
SONY COLOR TV

Three anonymous experts name the tire they'd buy for themselves.



"Among us, we've put in 25 years driving highway patrol cars. We've tried nearly every new tire that's come along. But these Lifesaver Radials—they're really different.

"For one thing, the mileage is three or four times what we're used to getting. And the traction is unbelievable. Especially on wet roads. This is the tire we want on duty and off."

Before these state troopers could make their statement, we had to mask their faces and disguise their uniforms. Because neither a trooper nor his state can lend their names to any commercial product. But they know your life is riding on your tires, so they agreed to tell their story.

The B.F. Goodrich Lifesaver Radials on their patrol cars are exactly the same tires you can buy. Of course, you'll seldom need the maximum performance troopers need, but it's nice to know these tires can deliver it.

Lifesavers are made a whole new way with Dynacor® Rayon Cord. So they corner better. Take curves better. Stop quicker. They handle better and run cooler at high speed than even our own fiberglass-belted tire. They're also 33% stronger and give 30% better mileage... 40,000 miles or more.

Lifesavers are the safest tires we've ever made. They're the tires your life should be riding on.



The New BFG Lifesaver Radials.
Your life should be riding on them.

100's
20 CIGARETTES

PALL MALL

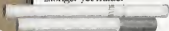
FAMOUS CIGARETTES



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'tar'
than the
best-selling
filter king**

...longer yet milder



tar
PALL MALL GOLD 100'S 19mg.
Best-selling filter king 20mg.

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Next week

ARGENTINA is the setting for the 1970 World Cup, and Dan Jenkins is there to do the translating as two-man teams of golfers from 44 nations square off in the land of Roberto.

THE CORNHUSKERS of Nebraska, best of the Big Bad Eight, must stop dangerous Lynn Dickey and all the Kansas State Wildcats to stay unbeaten. Billy Reed reports.

AL'S RETURN against Jerry Quarry meant far more to him than a mere exchange of punches, as George Plimpton's illuminating account of fight day in Atlanta discloses.



**Jeep guts will take you
deep into the backwoods-
comfortably.**



The Jeep Wagoneer—the first 4-wheel drive family wagon. It's rugged, safe, comfortable.

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The Wagoneer outsells all other 4-wheel drive family wagons combined. Test drive one at your Jeep dealer's today.

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a sense of wonder

It's your first, fresh impression. Your ability to see spontaneously, and to delight in the seeing. It's a sense of wonder.

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Tell her the E-Z tackles any woodcutting job she can dream up, even building her rustic planter box or picnic bench and table! Cut up enough firewood in an afternoon to keep you warm through next winter. You can fell a tree three feet in diameter — if you ever need to. You can save enough money by cutting firewood, clearing brush and doing your own tree pruning to pay for the saw several times over.

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FREE custom-molded carry case with purchase of a new E-Z chain saw.

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Saw an 8" hardwood log in 8 seconds. Softwood in 3 1/2. The rest is up to you.



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4-110

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CHRISTMAS
GIFT OFFER
YET!**



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42145 WOODSTOCK—
Soundtrack (3 records)
Cass LP



42584 MELANIE—
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Cass LP, RTR, CASS



44246 PAUL MAURAT—
Christmas Album
PB/LP, RTR, CASS



38554 DIANA ROSS &
SUPREMES—
Mellow LP, CASS



34510 HARRY SIM—
Love, Little Stranger,
Tweak LP, CASS



30628 JACKSON 5—
Third Story
Mellow LP, RTR, CASS



67511 STOPPENWEL—
7
Danbi LP, RTR, CASS



44753 TRAFFIC—John
Barlowe (Muz) Die
Vinyl LP, RTR, CASS



38623 TEMPTATIONS—
Crave It, Vol. 2
Serby LP, RTR, CASS



32884 JOHN BAEZ—
Bird
Vinyl LP, RTR



44216 4 SEASONS—
Christmas Album
PB/LP



44234 SWINGING SINGERS—
Christmas
PB/LP



66103 CURTIS MAY—
Fields, Curtis
Corle LP, RTR, CASS



38258 VIKKI CARO—
Rockin' by Car
Vinyl LP, RTR, CASS



33677 JOHN BAEZ—
One Day at a Time
Vinyl LP, RTR, CASS



42583 RING CROMBIE—
Asian LP, RTR, CASS



17245 BRECKENRIDGE—
Chant
PB/LP



44243 JACKSON 5—
If You Go Away
PB/LP



38113 A MUSICAL
SERVICE—
PB/LP, RTR, CASS



38897 5th DIMENSION—
Greatest Hits,
Sealed LP, RTR, CASS



17274 BACK—Ten
Classic Previews
PB/LP



18756 TCHAIKOVSKY—
1812 Overture
Mellow LP, RTR, CASS



17213 CASALS—
Piano Soloist
PB/LP



40673 LEO ZEPPULIN
II—After LP, RTR, CASS



34525 WELLS BULLY—
Soundtrack
PB/LP, RTR, CASS



44245 ROBERT GORDON—
Greatest Hits
Vinyl LP, RTR, CASS



38264 CANNED HEAT—
Future Blues
Vinyl LP, RTR, CASS



42165 ROBERTA
FLACK—Chapter Two
Asian LP, RTR, CASS



38267 SUGARLOAF—
Liber LP, RTR, CASS



17215 HOLST—The
Planets
Music LP



44712 MIDWINTER CONCERT—
Soundtrack
Vinyl LP, RTR, CASS



67512 THREE DOG
NIGHT—Naturally
Danbi LP, RTR, CASS



35071 5th DIMENSION—
Age of Aquarius
Sealed LP, RTR, CASS



44278 PAUL MAURAT—
Come to Love
PB/LP, RTR, CASS



65725 VERY BEST OF
LEVIN SPIDWHL—
Kende LP, RTR, CASS



44285 MYSTIC MEGS—
Circum—Capitol
Mellow LP, RTR, CASS



38618 DIANA ROSS—
Mellow LP, RTR, CASS



66515 ROBERT
GORDON—Here
Comes Bobby
Mellow LP, RTR, CASS



17008 HANDEL—
Messiah (3 records)
PB/LP



31782 MAMAS &
PAPAS—16 Greatest
Hits
Danbi LP, RTR, CASS



31575 JOHN COLEMAN—
Transition
Impal LP



66571 RARE EARTH—
Ecology
Bar/LP, RTR, CASS



44758 FERRELL &
TEICHER—Love Is
& Soft Touch
Vinyl LP, RTR, CASS



42715 IRON BUTTERFLY—
Metamorphosis
Asia LP, RTR, CASS



42794 CROSBY,
STILLS, NASH &
YOUNG—Grip Ya
Asian LP, RTR, CASS



38355 IRI & BINA
TURNER—Come
Together
Vinyl LP, RTR, CASS



38607 FOUR TOPS—
Still Valters Run Deep
Mellow LP, RTR, CASS



43860 ERROLL GARNER—
Feeling Is
Believing
Mellow LP, RTR, CASS



48154 BEVERLY
SILES—Seven Horat
& Strauss ABC LP

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA—The World's Largest Record and Tape Club

Why do the Keil Bros., local florists, think it worth having a Pitney-Bowes *Touchmatic* Postage Meter behind the counter?



As you weave your way through pots of geraniums and chrysanthemums at Keils, the florists, the last thing you expect to find is the new Pitney-Bowes *Touchmatic* Postage Meter.

But there it is, in between the flower arrangements and the Florists' Mailing Guide. And Henry Keil has a strong personal reason for this business investment.

The Pitney-Bowes *Touchmatic* is an ultra-modern machine which offers many useful mailing aids. One of these is its ability to seal envelopes at the same time as it is stamping on the postage. And this is what first attracted Henry. He sends out a few letters every day plus statements at the end of every month and "sealing those envelopes

was not something to look forward to."

Of course, he needed a few more reasons for buying than just that one. And he found many. There's the fact that with the *Touchmatic*, you always have the exact amount of postage you need, on hand at all times even "for the occasional airmail, or special delivery." That it also prints postage for parcels. That it cuts down tedious trips to the Post Office. And that it keeps a record of postal expenditures for tax purposes.

The *Touchmatic* also prints a small ad beside the postage. Henry designed it himself and is pleased that "it's proved to be quite an attention-getter." It reads: "We keep America beautiful—do you?"

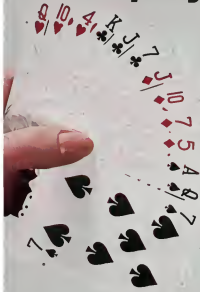
The Keils' colorful flower gardens alongside the Horace Harding Expressway, Bayside, New York, live up to this so well, that business is deservedly blooming. And in its own little way, the *Touchmatic* is helping. To see if our *Touchmatic* could be of any help to you—no matter what your business—call Pitney-Bowes for a representative and a demonstration.



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For information, write Pitney-Bowes, Inc. 9002 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn. 06904 or call one of our 190 offices throughout the U.S. and Canada. Postage Meters, Folders, Mail-Openers, Address-Printers, Scales, Inserter Counters & Printers, Collators, Copiers. Fluidic Controls.

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It's a *Bridgeeveryone* hand and it will make you a better bridge player.

Bridgeeveryone is a revolutionary new way to learn bridge.

There are no books to plow through. No lectures to sleep through.

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When you finish the 18th lesson, you'll play better bridge than 90% of those now playing. More than one person can take a lesson at one time.

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It costs \$29.95. That's not cheap. But as Alan Truscott, Bridge Editor for the New York Times, says, "*Bridgeeveryone* is an ingenious device that provides a comprehensive bridge course... The product retails at \$29.95, which is substantial. But it provides the equivalent of a course from an expert teacher that would cost considerably more."

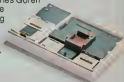
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That's why before we move into an area, we study the area. The architecture. The traffic patterns. The landscaping.

We want every station to blend in. Not stand out.

And we work hard to make every Shell station an attractive addition to the local scene.

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And once we put up a new station, we want to keep it new. Keep it clean. Free of flapping pennants, gaudy banners, and razzle-dazzle displays.

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Our commitment goes all the way from anti-litter campaigns to a multimillion-dollar anti-pollution program.

A Shell station is not an island. And neither is the Shell Oil Company.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

BLACK ON WHITE

One of the more cheerful stories in sport the last few years has been the reverse integration going on in parts of the South. White athletes were playing football (and other sports) at hitherto all-black colleges. Now one of the sadder stories in sport is coming out of at least one of those schools, athletically renowned Florida A&M in Tallahassee, Fla. Reverse integration apparently can bring on reverse bigotry. Joe Jewett, a white placekicker from Miami, has quit A&M because of the harassment he was subjected to by a small but vociferous element of the largely black student body. The harassment—in the campus cafeteria, in the dormitory, between classes—included name-calling, insults and threats. "You can take only so much of that," says Jewett. "I finally left."

"My relationship with the team was one of the best I ever ran into. I got along with the coaches real well, and the players were just great to me. I used to talk over my problems with a player they called Blue Pete. I never did learn his last name, but he would always ask how I was doing in class. But I never let him or the other players know about the difficulties I was having because I didn't want to bring any trouble on them. They're a great bunch of guys."

Jewett had a black roommate. "His name is Henry Lawrence. He's real nice and we got along fine. He agreed that what I was going through was bad and that he wouldn't have taken it, either."

DOUBLE-DEALING

A man named Peter Shurr has come up with an idle-hour pastime that may keep sports fans wide awake to all watches of the night trying to come up with variations. This is a name game, and it involves working out a two-for-two player trade. At least one of the four must be a baseball player, but the other three can come from any other sport. Ready now? Boog Powell and Bailey Howell

for Woodie Fryman and Jack Twyman. Tony Taylor and Elgin Baylor for Tony Perez and José Sanchez. Larry Hinson and Vada Pinson for Tom Seaver and Earl Weaver. Gaylord Perry and Don Cherry for Billy Houghton and Jim Bouton. A particular favorite of Shurr's is Dave May and Laffit Pincay for Coco Laboy and Mike McCoy.

Sounds easy enough, but now suppose your owner has told you to trade Merv Rettenmund? Or Bert Blyleven? Mel Stottlemyre? Peter Shurr?

TRANQUILITY

People around racetracks—both thoroughbred and standardbred—are becoming more and more disturbed by the increasing instances of horses being doped with tranquilizers. Since a story appeared on the subject in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* on Oct. 12, three more cases have been reported. Four sluggish horses had to be scratched from an eight-horse field at Canada's Greenwood track and three from an eight-horse field at Roosevelt Raceway in New York (which was made a nonbetting race), while at Hazel Park in Michigan a race had to be canceled outright. The drugged horses all had the same symptoms, and several had obvious needlemarks where injections had been made. Track officials were at a loss to explain how anyone could combine an accurate knowledge of where horses entered in a certain race were stabled with an ability to approach the horses and inject the drug or drop it in their feed without being detected.

Uneasy suspicions are curling around the stable areas at many tracks. Worst of all is the feeling that the discovered druggings may be only the tip of the iceberg—instances where the dosage of the tranquilizer was too great and therefore detectable before the race. How many races, people are asking, have been fixed successfully? No one knows, but two facts are evident: someone has drugged horses, and no one has been caught.

Racetracks have long prided them-

selves on their security measures, but pride goeth before a fall, usually because it covers up inadequacies. Dick Beddoes, a columnist for *The Toronto Globe and Mail*, says he and a friend were waved casually into a track in the summer of 1968 (the year of the Dancer's Image Kentucky Derby scandal), even though they had adopted broad Southern accents and had loudly identified themselves as two men then *persona non grata* at tracks in the U.S. and Canada. Last week Beddoes asked a horseman if security people around the tracks were competent. The angry horseman replied, "They're so bad they couldn't find the trail of an elephant with a bloody foot in four feet of snow."

RATED GRAY

At the Sugar Bowl tournament last winter, Johnny Dee, the basketball coach at Notre Dame, had some fun with hyperorganized football coaches by introducing some of the boosters who had accompanied his team to New Orleans as "my free-throw coach," "my center-jump coach," and so on. Rudy Feld-



man, head football coach at the University of New Mexico, wouldn't have batted an eye. Feldman has a movie-scout coach. No, not somebody who scouts the opposition via film. This is a coach who picks out a movie for the players to watch. Feldman likes to take his team to a film the night before a game, partly to keep an eye on his players, partly

continued

ly to keep them in a proper frame of mind. He therefore sends Reed Johnson, an assistant coach, on a scouting mission ahead of time to select the proper film. Johnson's job is not easy because Feldman does not want a movie with a great deal of sex in it; he feels sex is not conducive to the proper frame of mind for playing football the next day. Violence, on the other hand, is just fine.

DEVASTATING

Don't laugh at New Mexico's Coach Feldman. Paul Brown, one of the most successful of all football teachers, has somewhat similar views. Whenever he has taken one of his pro teams (the Cleveland Browns in years past, the Cincinnati Bengals today) to the Pacific Coast, he has tried to delay departure until the last possible moment. He flies his troops West the afternoon before a game, has dinner with them at the hotel, then takes them to a movie. Attendance at the movie is mandatory. Brown then tucks them into bed, wakes them in time for the kickoff and afterward beats a hasty retreat to Middle America.

"All football players are young and healthy," he says. "You get them out there early and it just gives them time to wear themselves out. There are women out there who are devastating, really just devastating. A trip to the Coast can do funny things. We like to get our guys out there late, then home again as soon as possible to see their families."

SECESSION

The University of South Carolina has taken an adamant position in its attempt to force the Atlantic Coast Conference to lower its academic requirements for incoming athletes (SCORECARD, Sept. 7). Rather than wait for a decision to come out of the league's winter meeting next month, the school's trustees have authorized its athletic department to begin recruiting under the NCAA's 1.6 grade rule. If the ACC stands by its minimum College Board score requirement (a total of at least 800 in verbal and math aptitudes), South Carolina, a charter member of the 17-year-old conference, will become an independent by default.

IT FIGURES

There is no intention to pick on racing this week, but here is something that seems eminently worthy of note. It has been traditional, for as long as anyone

cares to remember, for Churchill Downs to announce each year that the crowd at the Kentucky Derby was "in excess of 100,000." Precise figures were never available. However, it develops that accurate attendance figures have had to be filed with the Kentucky Department of Revenue for admission-tax purposes. A little digging has uncovered the interesting intelligence that, even including the 4,000 or so complimentary passes that are issued to horsemen, the press and so on, total attendance at the Derby has been in excess of 100,000 only twice, this year and last year. Indeed, although growing year by year, it did not get as high as 80,000 until 1963. Here are figures for the last decade:

1961	70,373	1966	98,357
1962	72,886	1967	80,091
1963	82,131	1968	92,617
1964	85,706	1969	106,333
1965	90,088	1970	105,087

The abrupt falloff in 1967 was the result of bad weather and a threatened demonstration. The big jump in 1969? That was the year everyone came to watch President Nixon watch Majestic Prince against Arts and Letters.

PLASTIC WORLD

Texans, thinking big, have taken a major step to resist pollution. According to the Christmas gift catalog from Houston's Sakowitz department store, you can have a transparent dome erected over your house. The hemisphere is described as a "totally air-supported vinyl dome" that is designed to "provide the protected grounds with a year-round, pollution-free, air-purified, controlled climate." Cost to enclose a two-story house on a one-acre lot: \$322,500. How much would one cost to enclose Houston?

THINK AND WIN

The University of Chicago, traditionally a school for intellectuals, was one of the first big-time football powers to abandon the sport. Amos Alonzo Stagg made his reputation as a coach at Chicago, and in 1935 its sterling back, Jay Berwanger, was the first winner of the Heisman Trophy. Then, under the influence of University President Robert M. Hutchins, who is supposed to have said, "Whenever I feel the urge to exercise, I lie down until it passes over," football was de-emphasized and finally abandoned. Last year Chicago revived the game in an informal way and this year

is beginning to feel pretty chesty about it, especially after beating Marquette 13-6. (Marquette, too, is dabbling in the sport after scratching its big-time schedule some years ago.)

"We kid about our football," says Coach Wally Hask (Chicago's recruiting policy: if a boy is willing to jog once in awhile, he can come out), "but it's no joke. Football can't be a joke if you really want to play. It's hard work."

But hard work can be helped by brainpower, which is Chicago's forte. Before the Marquette game, the demands of classroom time prevented the coach from getting his team together to practice kickoff returns. No problem. As the squad dressed for the game, Hask handed out mimeographed copies of the formations to be used. It took the players a few minutes to absorb the details, but by the beginning of the second half they had them down pat. They took Marquette's kickoff and returned it 85 yards for a touchdown. What else you got in that mimeograph machine, Coach?

ECOLOGY UPSET

Conservationists will be shocked to hear that Thoreau devastated Many Farms. Or maybe not. Thoreau is a town in New Mexico, and all that happened is its high school beat a high school from Many Farms, Ariz. 46-0.

THEY SAID IT

- Bowie Kuhn, baseball commissioner, in Detroit when the Michigan gubernatorial contest was still undetermined because of a foul-up with computerized-voting punch cards: "They're probably using my All-Star ballot."
- Jack Price, owner of 1961 Kentucky Derby winner Carry Back and headmaster of Dorchester Equine Preparatory School for young thoroughbreds at Ocala, Fla.: "We have yet to experience our first demonstration, but I must admit that most of our students are fond of grass."
- Bill Fitch, coach of the NBA's Cleveland Cavaliers, an expansion team, after their 13th loss in 13 games: "We're better than the Mayo Clinic. Atlanta came into Cleveland with four straight losses, and we made them well again. We went into Philly when the 76ers had lost two straight, and now they're well again. You just keep going in this league. Like the verse in the Bible says, 'I was a stranger and you took me in.'"

END

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WHAT A WAY TO MAKE A LIVING

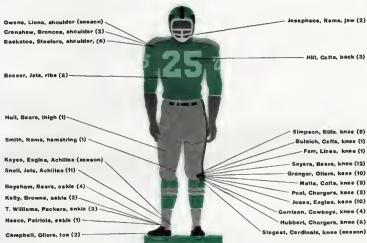
Only a masochist would claim that being a pro football running back is fun. On the contrary, it is proving to be the toughest and most painful of all positions. The duties are numerous, the risks exceptional. Whether carrying the ball, blocking or catching a pass, the running back is getting hit—often and hard.

By last Sunday night—barely past the midpoint of what may be the most hazardous year in NFL history—26 rushers had suffered injuries that run the length of the body, from Les Josephson's broken jaw to Woody Campbell's dislocated toe. The game's best running back, Gale Sayers, was out for the season; O.J. Simpson was in a Buf-

falo hospital with a sprained left knee; Leroy Kelly, hampered by ankle trouble, was subpar.

In part because of its perils, the running game has its own fascination, its own mystique, and fans long accustomed to expecting their thrills from the forward pass are now intently—and nervously—watching the graceful, stern work of the game's best backs, some of whom are shown in action on the next four pages. What the runners feel and how they think emerges in detail in the story that follows, one that focuses on the Cardinals' MacArthur Lane, the NFL's second-leading rusher and a man who says: "I don't really know what I'm doing during a run."

CONTINUED



This season 26 running backs have been sidelined for at least one game because of injury. Numerals indicate number of games missed and/or likely to be missed.

Calvin Hill, Cowboys (above): "A running back can last five years—if he's lucky."
Donny Anderson, Packers: "You want to feel like the team is depending on you."





Floyd Little, Broncos: "If you carry the ball four, five times in a row you can ast up a guy that's pinching—and whoosh."



O. J. Simpson, Bills (above): "There are no new techniques. It's a job where you have it or you don't."



Larry Brown, Redskins: "You got to keep running. You can't hesitate. It's what you do and are all that injuries come."





Larry Kelly, Browns: "You usually get to the line or by it. You get by the big guys. I worry about linebackers."



Ron Johnson, Giants: "You must know where everyone is. Total knowledge counts more than physical ability."



Larry Csonka, Dolphins: "You must be outside-conscious. You can't get away with just running inside."



Nat Willard, 49ers (above): "I don't have to worry about losing any of my speed. I never had any."

MacArthur Lane, Cardinals: "They say hitting's the name of the game. The full name is Hitting Avoiding."



'YOU LEARN THE ART OF INVISIBILITY'

by ROBERT F. JONES

Pictures," says MacArthur Lane. He is seated at a kitchen table, cutting his fingernails with the rapt attention of a neurosurgeon excising madness, and as he says the word . . . snick! The half-moon of nail disappears. "The running game is a series of pictures," Snick! "You snap the first one just as you take the handoff: the shape of the blocking; the beginnings of the hole, or the cluster that shows you there ain't gonna be no hole; behind, all that movement of the linebackers. That's the first picture."

Snick! "Then somehow you're through the hole—or maybe you're not. But if you are, you click the second picture. It shows you where the bodies are: your own boys setting up to block downfield for you; their deep backs and linebackers revving up to mow you down; the angles—I mean, the angles, man, is very important to you just then. You gotta know where everybody is, and which way they're coming. That tells you where the field is gonna run out when you and that man collide."

"But the last picture, if you're lucky enough to take it, is outasight. All those faces, those civilian faces back of the end zone, cheering your feet!"

MacArthur Lane has been lucky—and talented—enough to take that last, outasight mind-picture 12 times this season, including three Sunday when St. Louis beat Boston 31-0. These touchdowns comprise 30% of the Cardinals' total output to date, and account in large measure for the Big Red's resurgence. Thus far Lane has run for 662 yards in 123 carries, a rate that could well produce a 1,200-yard season and the NFL rushing title. Only the Washington Redskins' Larry Brown is off to as good a start, and the two men have been swapping the rushing lead most of the season. On a team that lacks consistent passing, Lane's long gainers (he has runs from scrimmage of 75 and 74 yards) and grunt-it-out first downs have helped the Cards to a 6-2 record and first place in the NFC East. Teamed alternately with Cid Edwards and Johnny Roland, MacArthur Lane gives St. Louis the most powerful ground attack since his namesake relieved Seouli.

Lane endures military word plays on his name with wry good humor. After all, he says, he was born in March 1942, when General MacArthur was in retreat. A popular gag around the league when the Cards roll into town is to suggest that MacArthur Lane is a country road where a lot of Birchers live. Says Mac: "My first two seasons here, when they didn't play me or else I was hurt, I told everyone: 'I shall return.' Sure enough, I did." Indeed, his meteoric rise points up some interesting truths about running backs and the nature of contemporary pro running.

Through most of the 1960s, the NFL ground game was dominated, in the public eye at least, by two exceedingly

durable rushers—Cleveland's Jim Brown and Green Bay's Jim Taylor, who between them played 19 seasons, gained nearly 21,000 yards and scored 189 touchdowns. They have a lock on both longevity and most of the rushing records. In fact, Brown says his only injury in nine seasons was a sprained ankle, which caused him to sit out one half of a Giant game. Since their retirement the running game has entered a more normal period—one in which knees crackle and Achilles tendons pop like so much Sunday breakfast cereal.

For example, early this season Chicago's Gale Sayers and Houston's Hoyle Granger required surgery on their left knees and were lost for the year. Now Sayers will have matching scars; his right knee was operated on in 1968. The Jets' Matt Snell, who also had a knee injury in 1967, was leading the American Conference in rushing when he tore an Achilles tendon—an injury football players fear even more than damaged knee ligaments. Only three top athletes—Dick Barnett of the New York Knickerbockers, Les Josephson of the Rams and Tom Keating of the Raiders—have returned to peak form after an Achilles operation. Snell, a strong man in every sense of the word, wept on the sidelines after the tendon parted. "I put my hand down there," he said, "and it wasn't there. It was all mushy where the tendon should have been."

Snell's running mate, Emerson Boozer, lasted only three games more before his ribs were injured and he was lost. Craig Baynham, Tom Matte, Leroy Keyes, Willis Crenshaw, Les Josephson (once again), Steve Owens—the roster of the partially disabled and the downright docile reads like a casualty list from the front. When pros discuss injuries they do so with the kind of stiff-upper-lip curtness one might have heard around headquarters after any battle from Troy to the Rockpile. "Yeah, he got a knee," Or: "He ain't around anymore, Achilles."

"I figure a running back has maybe three, 3½ years to do his number," says Lane. "Where else do you have so much contact on every play? I'm not complaining. I love to hit, and so does any good back. But if you're not running into The Pit, you're blocking on those great big line-men, or else you're catching a pass right out there where the linebackers have a bite at you. Here's the thing: anyone who hits you is moving when he hits you—moving fast. And you're moving fast yourself. I'd like to see some computer figure out what position takes the most foot-pounds of energy on impact per play. Gotta be the setback."

Dallas' Dan Reeves, now a player-coach, sees the problem in a slightly wider dimension, one that explains it in true physical terms: $F = MV^2$ or Crunch equals Weight times

continued

Speed squared. "You're getting hit by all-sized people," he says. "By huge defensive linemen, by fast-moving but only slightly smaller linebackers, and then you're creamed by the speed merchants, the defensive backs. You take a receiver—he is getting his from guys his size, the cornerbacks and safeties. Offensive and defensive linemen are pretty evenly matched in size and they don't get up much momentum. But the running back, he gets it from everywhere."

Reeves' six seasons underscore the point. Each of his knees has been operated on twice. "They're perfect now," he says. "Nothing left in there that can go wrong."

As Reeves' case suggests, a lot of medical patchwork can be done these days and Mac Lane's estimate of 3½ years as the "life expectancy" of a running back may be a bit pessimistic. Cleveland's Leroy Kelly agrees that the expectancy is getting less, but not that much less. "I think a running back, if he's lucky, should average about eight years," says Kelly. "If he's lucky. This is my seventh year, fifth as a regular. Next year will be the final one on my contract. Then I'll probably sign for two more. I hope to make it to 10."

Prior to last Sunday's games, the Cowboys' Calvin Hill and the Bills' O.J. Simpson put their expectancy at five seasons. "One of the things that makes it a short career," said Simpson, prophetically, "is the type of defensive players you meet—bigger and more aggressive each year. They know how to hit runners around the knees, not high. Consequently, there are more knee injuries." O.J. was gang-tackled returning a kickoff against Cincinnati on Sunday, suffering a moderate sprain of the outer left knee. Although he won't have to be operated on, Bills' officials fear O.J. may be out for the rest of the season.

"You've got to keep moving to avoid injury," says Larry Brown, who gained 888 yards last year as a rookie. The 5' 11", 195-pound Kansas State was drafted in the eighth round, and has had four 100-yard games so far this season. "You can't hesitate," amplifies George Dickson, the Redskins' offensive backfield coach. "It's when you're standing flat-footed that injuries come. Keep those legs driving and you eliminate most of the risk."

One of the NFL's most durable and consistent drivers is San Francisco's Ken Willard, now in his sixth season and apt to be running six more. "I start fast and finish fast," says Willard, "but in the middle I'm slow." Willard disagrees with the terminologists who two years ago erased the distinction between fullbacks and halfbacks. All running backs may now wear the same designation, Willard allows, but there is considerable difference in duty as related to size. "You can't compare me with Sayers, Kelly or that type," the 6' 2", 230-pounder says. "I'm with the heavy brigade. I was lucky to be a part of the Big Back era. It was popular around the league to copy the Hornung-Taylor offense. A lot of fellows, including myself, might not have been given as much of a chance except for Vince Lombardi's idea of offense. My type of player lasts longer. The fast back makes the radical cuts, and it used to often on the trap plays that he's bound to be blind-sided disastrously sooner or later. He may even be built differently. It isn't just luck that I'm playing right now. Doc



When Lane is through hitting people, he goes to nurse wounds.

Milburn, our team physician, says I have the strongest knee ligaments he's seen in a long time."

So, what are the attributes of the optimum running back? "Great eyes," says Redskin Coach Bill Austin, "the ability to read the blocks on the move." Beyond that, speed and strength, but not necessarily size: witness 1969's Kansas City man-backs, Warren McVea, Mike Garrett and Robert Holmes, all 5' 9"—although Holmes, it must be admitted, resembles a small tank. And even beyond that, the "reckless abandon" that coaches and fans alike applaud. Add to these ingredients the aggressiveness needed to block well, the eye-hand coordination to catch passes in heavy traffic, and finally the savvy of a Jim Brown. "The philosophy of going for every yard is a false one," says Brown. "It's a cliché that you must put out 100% on every play. No one is capable of doing it. The running back must learn to pick his spots. There are times you have to take a chance on breaking a long gain, and you do it." The operative phrase is "take a chance."

As of the moment this total definition fits MacArthur Lane well. Why, how and where does he run? Is he a de-tour or a freeway? "Mac the Truck" is the nickname his teammates have given him from high school through the pros, but the man has something of the sports car circuit about him. Perhaps a Porsche, like the tan 911T he toots around St. Louis, startling the wrinkled cops and scaring the henna-haired old ladies into convulsions. He is a cool, together, ominously large and languid black man with a wraparound mustache, a great beak of a nose and steady, almond eyes. Born in Alabama and raised in California, he comes on like an ad for Coastal Soul, velvet bells, fringed buckskin jacket, a wet-look Lennon hat and Isaac Hayes buttering it up on the stereo in the background while Mac clips his nails. For a newcomer to professional celebrity, Lane is a shade long in the tooth: 28 years old, to be precise. Back in Oakland, Calif. he has a wife and three kids—one his own, two adopted. "If you can afford it, you gotta help out,"

he says. "I earn \$30,000 a year—having asked, of course, for \$50,000—and the kids are first-rate."

Actually, the children Lane adopted are the step-sibs of his wife, Edna. "Six days after we got married, my mother-in-law died," he says. "It was rough, and the best place for the kids was with us. I guess you got to be a pretty tough guy to be a football player, but where do you leave your commitments? Living is commitment, I suppose. Look at my old man—how many years has he been working at tough jobs, construction, making it for a bunch of kids? When the hurts catch up with me, I've already got a plan. I'm gonna buy a farm for the folks up in Oregon or Northern California—they grew up on farms in Alabama, and they probably still would like it. Or maybe not. But for me, I like to hunt and fish. I knock them stripers dead in San Francisco Bay. Up to 35 pounds, I've taken them. Old Otis Redding, what was he doing there, sitting on the dock of the Bay? Could he have been fishing. What I'd like to do is get me a pet store, maybe a chain of them. You can sell them mollies for \$2.50 a pair, and if you get a good breeding pair, man, you're set for life. Or maybe a worm farm. Shoot, they charge you 90¢ a dozen for good night crawlers out along the Bay. Get yourself a piece of swamp somewhere and raise worms! That's gonna help folks and make you a living, too."

The Cardinals are a bit vague about Lane's history. Between high school and college, they point out, he worked as a machinist's apprentice in Oakland. Then he may have been in the Army. ("Nope," says Lane with the mystery appropriate to an emerging star, "no Army. Just a working.") Anyway, he was at Utah State when the Cards drafted him No. 1 in 1968. That selection derived from Lane's superlative performance at a school that has given the game Lionel Aldridge, Merlin Olsen, Jim Turner and Earsell Mackbee. In 1967, his senior year at Utah State, Lane was running second only to O.J. Simpson when a torn thigh muscle forced him to miss the last four games. Still, he gained 627 yards in 96 carries for a 6.5-yard average. Lane saw little action in his rookie season and last year ruptured an artery in his left hand when he tried to brace himself against the ground while being tackled. "I couldn't handle the ball too good after that," he says, "nor could I clobber too well with that forearm."

Thus, except to the scouts, his arrival this season as a top runner came as a surprise. "I'd always run well," says Lane. "Growing up in Alameda, we played all those agility games that kids love but grownups seem to forget. Walking the railroad tracks, diving off bridges, climbing up the sides of new buildings, dodging traffic. When we played tackle in the parks and vacant lots, none of the kids could take me down. Then I also had the advantage of size—quick maturity. In the 12th grade, I was 5' 11" and 195 pounds, sometimes 200. Shucks, I've only grown an inch and gained 20 pounds since then. I went the track route, too. In high school I pole-vaulted 12 feet and slung that shot 57' 3"—which is still a record at Fremont High."

So the physical thing is important to the running back.

But other qualities are just as necessary. Mac Lane learned a lot about shiftness as a linebacker at Utah State. "Everyone says hitting is the name of the game," he says, "but it's only the first name. The full name of the game is: Hitting Avoiding. I dearly, truly love to hit people, and as a linebacker at Utah State I tried to punish people physically. Then in my junior year they moved me primarily to running back, and when I tried to punish people physically I got tackled. You learn the art of invisibility. As a runner I still try to punish people, but I punish them mentally. By not being there when they try to hit me."

There has to be some quality of magic in the elusiveness of the best running backs. Mere physics can no more explain the missed or broken tackles that mark every long run from scrimmage than mere chemistry can explain the excitement such a performance arouses in the spectator. "I don't really know what I'm doing during a run," admits Lane. "Technically, I should be looking straight ahead and carefully computing where I'm going to step next. Actually, I seem to be looking down, not ahead. When you're running through the line, you gotta know where the bodies are. In my little flashes of memory after a run, like the 74-yard TD against the Saints, I see myself stepping on people. 'Well, hello there, Richard Ahshar, what you doing down there?' Sometimes I think that the mind is just going along for the ride on a run like that. You know, the foot is finding its own way and the mind is just minding its own business, watching what's going on and saying, like, 'Gee whiz! Maybe that's what they mean by reckless abandon.'"

Lane's detachment from the route his legs are pursuing may very well end when the inevitable punishment of his profession catches up with his flight path. "It could be tomorrow, any tomorrow," says Green Bay's Donny Anderson, who is finally living up to his billing. "Doesn't matter if you're a \$600,000 back or a \$30,000 back." Right now, Lane is the first to admit that the baddies have not caught up with him, at least not in earnest. "Nitschke hit me once with a forearm and knocked me dead," he recalls with a slow, cool grin. "Butkus bit me once, and then tried to break my ankle another time. He tried to break it like it was a piece of kindling—just sort of poked up the lower end of the leg and cranked it over his knee. Didn't work—too green, I guess."

For the moment Mac Lane is content to roll along his personal highway. "I don't have to psych myself up just yet," he says. "I can't see sitting in a locker room, growling like some damned dog. I get up for the game the first time I'm hit, and when you're a running back, you get hit on the first play. And I don't even try to psych out the opposition very much. Taylor had that bad mouth, and Brown did it by getting up real slow, as if he was hurt bad, and then he'd run at them just as tough the next time. Me, I just get up and trot back to the huddle. If a guy puts some extra effort into hurting me, I might tell him: 'Shucks, my little girl can hit harder than that and she's only 5.' Next time, maybe he'll overshoot."

Snick!

END

CALVIN AND THE KIDDIE CORPS

Given their chance by expansion, some undersized scramblers are making a place and a name for themselves in pro basketball. Their presence adds a new and welcome dimension to the sport of giants **by ROY BLOUNT JR.**

Kids like to talk to me," says the San Diego Rockets' 5' 9" rookie, Calvin Murphy (*see cover*). "They don't feel out of it standing next to me. Of course I feel out of it, standing next to an 11-year-old boy my height."

But Murphy looked far from out of it against Los Angeles one recent night when he tied up the Lakers' 6' 7" John Tresvant—who is more than 11 years old—and then outjumped him. And while Murphy may be the springiest of the bunch ("One of his handseaps," says San Diego Coach Alex Hannum, "is it takes him too long to come down"), he is only one of five guards under 6 feet who are very much a part of professional basketball this year. Both coaches and fans have been sitting around foreseeing the day when an NBA forward would have to be 6' 8", a guard 6' 4" and a ball boy at least 6' 2", and yet the Little Man has returned.

Two of the five are in the NBA. In addition to Murphy, who is averaging 13 points while playing only 19 minutes a game, there is Cincinnati's Nate Archibald, also in his first professional season. Archibald has come into his own as the zippiest man in Bob Cousy's new ultra-fast-break offense. He is listed at 6' 1", but standing next to his 6' 1" backcourt mate, Norm Van Lier, he couldn't be more than 5' 11", and he weighs in at 156 pounds. Against New York recently, Archibald took the ball away from the Knicks' illustrious backcourt three times and never lost possession himself to Walt Frazier, although that 6' 4" defensive demon harassed him most of the night. Archibald has been playing more than 40 minutes and scoring 15.5 points a game, as well as driving blithely on men whose uniforms alone are taller than he is.

The ABA has always been more of a guard's league, with the three-point out-



Clonking all over Dick Bertell, Nate Archibald shows the small men's defensive style.

side shot and a shortage of 7-footers, but never have sub-6-footers shown up so well. The Floridians' Mack Calvin, a 5' 11" second-year man, is leading the league with a 29-point average. Indiana's Billy Keller, 5' 10", is averaging 14 points with a high game of 32 and has earned a new nickname, Indianapolis Shortie, which pleases him no end, he hated being called Micky Mouse. And Virginia's Larry Brown, 5' 9", was pursuing his fourth straight assist championships in his fourth year as a pro until he decided last week to have a minor operation that will sideline him for several weeks.

There is no doubt that the little man's emergence can be traced to the game's expansion. As Keller's coach, Bob Leonard, says, "When you had 12 pro teams, there were 48 good big guards. There aren't 112 good big guards now." But that is a point in favor of expansion, because in some ways the little guards are better, or at least more exciting, than the big ones. "People like to see speed . . . speed in any sport," says Leonard. "They like to see the little man take advantage of the big man." Furthermore, the little men have to be defter at outside shooting and creative passing and dribbling, and above all they have to show several inches worth of compensatory flight and quickness. It was not out of charity that a Knicks-loving Madison Square Garden crowd all but transferred its affections to Murphy in a tense fourth quarter two weeks ago when he scored 23 points in 25 minutes and sparked San Diego to a rally that almost upset the home team.

Shortness, in fact, has some advantages on offense: the little man needs less of an opening, in space and time, to squeeze past a defender, and the little man and his dribble are close to the ground together. It is on defense, when he is matched up with a guard six inches taller, that the short man is vulnerable. "The way to play a small guard," says Red Auerbach, "is to back him into the pivot and roll right over him." "You've got to think that you can take them inside and shoot over them," says Frazier.

But the little men and their coaches feel this handicap need not be a disqualifying liability. "It could hurt if you get down to the point where the other team needs a basket to win and wants to set up a specific play," says Cousy. "But if they gear their offense to taking

the small men low, they've got their own men out of position," Larry Brown says. Other teams sometimes switch from "what they do best to attacking the small guard. They can make him look bad, but I don't believe it helps them because they're going away from their normal pattern and they lose continuity."

What the little man must do is make sure that if opposing guards take him underneath, it will not be without considerable extra effort. The way to make

sure of that, Cousy says, is to "pack them up at full court and make them work all the way down. That's the worst thing that can happen to a backcourt man, Slater Martin [the last 5' 9" man in the NBA before Murphy] used to do that to me. It's agonizing."

Hannum says that Murphy can probably jump well enough to block a much taller man's shot occasionally (he was called for goaltending a number of times in college), but the time for him to play

continued



The ADA's top scorer, Mack Calvin, gets off his shot over Bob Natspisky, who is 6' 6".



Strong, stocky Bill Bridges tips a long pass.

defense is before his man gets within shooting range. Murphy understands this and is in constant motion between his opponent and the basket, scrambling, crowding, using his hands, like a man trying against all the odds to keep a hull away from a cow. Such tenacity gets him into foul trouble (he is averaging a personal foul every 5.7 minutes), and against the Atlanta Hawks the other night, when he took it upon himself to scramble all up and down the front side of a forward—6'6" 235-pound Bill Bridges—it almost got him a severe reprimand, i.e., a punch in the mouth. But it also has enabled the rookie they call Little But or Midget Man to hold his own on defense.

"There was a time," says Hannum,

"when they thought the age of even the 6'2" guard was over. Why, when I came to St. Louis in 1957 they were trying to make a guard out of Cliff Hagan. I told Hagan he'd played his last game as a guard, he was a forward. It's a particular position and calls for particular skills, not the tallest man you can work in. With two short guards, you'd get hurt on defense, because a Jerry West, an Oscar Robertson or a Frazier can take even a great little man into the corner and shoot over him. But no team has more than one star like that, and I can always put my other guard on him."

"The problems Calvin's been having are the normal problems of a rookie coming into the NBA. In college he was a wild card on defense and he dominated the offense, he free-lanced. When the floor is spread, that's his meat—when he's coming up the floor like a halfback through a broken field. Now he's got to develop conceptions of team offense and team defense. So far he's been the worst on the team at executing set plays. But there are a lot of 5'9" nineties around, so why is Calvin going to make it? He's got intelligence and character. He has strength, both physically and socially—he's a good citizen on the team. People like him. He's a good person. He loves his family [that would be three-month-old Tiffani Dawn and 4'11" Vernetta—'we must be the shortest couple in either league,' Murphy says] and wants to do something in life."

Although family man Murphy doesn't do much cooking or make his own clothes, he does twirl a baton. That is one reason his wrists, arms and shoulders are so strong. Says Hannum, "The nurse who gave him a shot during the last team physical said she had only encountered one other man whose arm was so hard to get a needle into, and that was a tough old perinephrict."

When he stands perfectly relaxed in the dressing room, Murphy and his twirlers' muscles look flexed all over. "One day my Aunt Frieda decided she was going to dress me up and make me mascot of the band," Murphy says. "I was 5 or 6, and I've been twirling ever since. At the World's Fair in 1964 I won the military marching division—like leading a band—and I finished second in the two-baton and third in the solo. I was show twirler for three years with the high school band, and while I was in college I was show twirler for the Buffalo Bills.

I'd take some digs from the fellows—but they knew that when push came to shove and we had to go to blows, we were going to go to blows. Now and then, at home, I'll go out in the backyard and twirl. If nothing else, it's good for my reflexes—a lot of times I've had to get out of the way of that thing."

When he was a boy people must have thought Murphy's career should be twirling, not basketball. "They said I was too short to play in high school," he says. "I was 5'7" when I tried out as a sophomore. But I could dunk the ball, and I did all right." He became a high school All-America, throwing in 50 and 60 points a game, but he didn't grow much. "My mother was 6 feet. She and her six sisters and Althea Gibson played on a basketball team, the Homberettes. Boys' rules. She was a fairly good dribbler for a woman, and she had a nice little push shot from the outside. I must have taken after my father, who was 5'10". In a way I was fortunate. I knew that I was always going to have to be a guard, so I concentrated on that position and never had to twirl."

More than 200 colleges thought he was plenty tall enough, and he proved them right by going to Niagara and averaging 33 points a game for three years. But he was the only All-America not chosen in the first round of either the ABA or the NBA draft last year. This was almost enough to make Murphy turn his back on the pros and sign on with the Harlem Magicians.

"I gave the Magicians great consideration," he says. "I discussed it with Marques Haynes quite a bit. But Willis Reed talked me into signing with the NBA. He said I had worked so long I shouldn't pass up the chance to play against the best in basketball. The NBA is serious business, and that's what I've always believed that basketball was."

The Rockets were not too serious-minded, however, to "horse around," as Hannum puts it, "with a little pregame routine with Calvin. We did it before a couple of exhibition games this year—Calvin at the high post, with two lines cutting at him and a little Glofretrotter hall handling. We played some Sweet Georgia Brown. You know, from what I've seen him do, I'd bet on Calvin dribbling two basketballs the length of the floor faster than any other player in the league can go with one."

With the start of the regular season

continued



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MEET MICHIGAN'S MEANEST MAN



That's Bo Schembechler, the Wolverine coach, and though he and his men are sweethearts away from the game, they're a brutish bunch with the ball. They chilled Illinois en route to a date with Ohio State **by PAT PUTNAM**

Hey, there's Frank Gussich, that nice quiet kid who plays linebacker for Michigan. Hi, Frank. Hello, sir. A real great kid. Baby-sits for one of the coaches. Must be flunking English, though; he thinks every sentence ends with sir. And there's Tom Darden, one of the defensive backs. I'd introduce you but he's kind of shy, doesn't say much. He is about as mean as a puppy. That tall, skinny kid with him is Jimmy Betts, the safety. He has the personality of a Christmas tree, nothing but love beads and laughter, a real sweetheart. And wait until you meet Mike Taylor, another linebacker. Nobody should be that jovial. And, say, there's Pete Newell, the defensive tackle. The good-looking fellow over there in the gray flannel suit and the button-down shirt. Suave? Shoot, he's got manners Emily Post never heard of. A real gentleman. The guy he's talking to is Henry Hill. Not very big for a

middle guard, is he? Just 220 pounds of class, a real gem. He's out of a ghetto in Detroit, but he's got something going for him that money can't touch. You know what he said the other day? "My family never had much materially, but what we had we really appreciated. And we had the good things that aren't physical. We had love and happiness."

Now you take all those great smiling gentlemanly kids, put them in pads and turn them loose—and stand back. Way back. It's like witnessing an execution. Or a mugging. "I stand there on the sideline watching them work," says Reggie McKenzie, an offensive guard, "and I'm glad they aren't my enemies. That Taylor, he cracked some runner from Minnesota and the guy just flopped over and lay there shaking."

"You can't believe that Gussich," says Bill Cusumano, the assistant sports information director. "He's like Clark

Kent. Here comes this nice mild kid—and then he slips into a telephone booth to put on his uniform. But instead of Superman, out comes a 190-pound Jack the Ripper." Last Saturday, Gussich and Coach Bo Schembechler's other assassins savaged Illinois 42-0—making it eight straight for unbeaten, speedy Michigan as it rolls toward its Nov. 21 date with Ohio State—and when it was over, Jim Valek, the beleaguered Illinois coach, surveyed the debris. "It was unbelievable the way our guys kept hobbling off the field. We had 17 injuries. We had a devil of a time staying in the game."

During the afternoon the Illini managed only 71 yards on the ground, 101 in the air. But, then, they were only allowed 44 plays, just 18 in the second half. All this evidence of Michigan's strength comes as no surprise, except perhaps to the voters in the various No. 1 polls who keep ignoring the Wolverines. The

assassins have been raining the same havoc on everyone. They have allowed just a fraction over 90 yards a game on the ground. Opponents have found it a little easier to throw—averaging 163 yards—but they have been hit for 19 interceptions, which is less painful physically but frustrating. Michigan has allowed but 70 points in the eight games.

"Now that our offense is catching up to our defense," says Don Moorhead, the world's most underrated undefeated quarterback, "we're a pretty good football team." Yeah, and Attila the Hun had a pretty good army going for him.

Early in the season Michigan had its troubles putting points on the board. The Wolverines had lost Garvie Crow, a big fullback whose exceptional blocking was the key to last year's Rose Bowl team, and it was not until the fourth game that Schembechler, experimenting weekly, hit upon the backfield combination that has since scored 173 points. The crucial man was Fritz Seyferth, a 202-pound junior who proved to be the perfect complement to a pair of smaller, faster partners, Bill Taylor and Glenn Doughty. Against Illinois, Taylor scored twice on runs of two and seven yards, and Doughty twice on runs of three and four—all four over Tackle Dan Dierdorf. Moorhead, who throws well but only enough to keep his rivals worried, passed four yards for another score.

"I put most of the blame for our early problems on myself," says Moorhead, a 6' 2" 199-pound senior coveted by the pros. "I was uptight, trying to live up to last year and trying to do it in a hurry. I felt we had to rush out and kill everybody. But our defense held us up until we found ourselves."

In similar cases, defenders have been known to become annoyed with their offensive brethren.

"Not our guys," says Paul Starocha, the senior split end and punter. "This is really a close-knit team. Everybody pulls for everybody else. We were working hard but we were blowing a lot of assignments. The defense would get us back the ball in good field position and when we'd go in they'd cheer us, try to pick us up."

Meanwhile, Betts and Dierdorf, a 6' 4" 250-pound offensive tackle who ranks with the best in the country at his position, tried to keep everyone loose with a running string of gags. "As Bo says, he runs a tough football program," Dier-

dorf explains. "Run and run and run. The track team doesn't run as much as we do. And their coach isn't as mean, either. But this team has a sense of humor. Practice is serious but there is always time for a laugh."

When something goes wrong during a practice a whistle blows and Schembechler roars in, wielding words like whips. Betts waits until the point is well made and the rage has ebbed. Then: "Coach Bo, you keep hollering at us like that I'm going to tell everyone you're a racist. And us blacks are going on strike." Upon which Betts breaks up. Or: "Coach Bo, have you ever seen a prettier black man than me?"

"I have been known," says Betts, "to get away with a lot of smart remarks. I guess I just know when I can be smart and when I had better shut up."

What happens if Bo isn't amused? "Then I'm in deep trouble," says the 6' 4" 185-pound safety, who doubles as reserve quarterback and is the team's best athlete. When it became apparent last spring that Moorhead had won the quarterback job, Schembechler decided that Betts, a senior, was too talented to ride a bench. He moved him to safety and then worried that he might not be a biter. He worried until the first play of Betts' first scrimmage at the position, Lance Sheffield swept right end and Betts moved up to meet him. Sheffield didn't play for the rest of the day. "As a quarterback I built up hostilities," says Betts. "Now I'm getting my revenge. After a while it gets to be fun. That Darden really cracks people—a nice quiet guy like him. He really lays the wood. He's the worst of us by far. But Gasich is just a half-inch behind him. I suspect there is a little animal in Gus and it comes out on the field. Mike Taylor is like that. Off the field he's real jovial. But he laughs about once a practice, when somebody is getting chewed out. Those guys love to rock people."

Which is just the way Bo Schembechler wants them. For a full four quarters. He's of the Vince Lombardi school: work until you hurt and then work some more. Nobody is tougher than Michigan in the fourth quarter.

"This is a rough tough hard-nosed football program," says last year's Coach of the Year. "We run their tails off. Maybe three miles of sprints on Mondays. Then Tuesday and Wednesday we really hit. We bring the freshmen in and

we go after them for a full two hours. But this is an easy team to coach. They are bright kids and we have some fun. If they don't like something, they know they can say it. That doesn't mean I'll change. But if I don't, I'll be sure they know the reason why."

Except for his open-door policy, Schembechler might have lost it all last year when he arrived from Miami of Ohio to replace Bump Elliott, who became assistant athletic director. He called in the team and said there was nothing ahead but hard work, a lot of hard work.

"And he changed everything," said Newell. "I remember I didn't like that and I didn't like him. I thought it was cool the way Bump ran things."

The Monday before 1969's opening game with Vanderbilt, Schembechler called in his defense. He wanted to know what was wrong. There was a lot of talk but nobody really said anything. Players began to leave. Finally the only player left was Newell.

"Pete," said Schembechler, "for 15 minutes you've been standing there telling me everything would be all right. But you're lying to me. What is the trouble?"

Newell looked at him. As he remembered later, he was sweating like a soaked sponge. "O.K.," he said. "I'll tell you. I think you are an s.o.b."

"Fine," said Schembechler. "Now tell me why."

Last week before the Illinois game Newell sat in one of the athletic offices and thought about that conversation. He shook his head and laughed. "Boy, I thought I was gone. I was scared stiff," he said. "You know how many coaches would have thrown me out? But not Bo. He just wanted to know why. And when I gave him all my arguments he answered every one. He explained why he was doing this, why he was doing that. Discipline is a lot easier to take when you know the reasoning behind it. When I walked out of that room I'd have cut off my right arm for that man. I feel that even more now. The whole team feels that way. Last year when he had that heart attack our world just fell apart. We were all terribly frightened."

Well, that's over. Bo is watching his diet now and taking naps, and he says he feels better than he has in years.

"Yeah, he's fully recovered," growls Newell. "And he's just meaner than ever."

END



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*Source: The Library of Congress Reference Service.



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THE WORLD CHAMPION NOBODY KNOWS

Joe Frazier plans to beat Bob Foster next week, and then Muhammad Ali, and then retire to his life's goal: oblivion **by MARTIN KANE**

Every night, in training for a fight or not, Joe Frazier reads his Bible. "That's the time when I can concentrate best," he says. His favorite is the *Book of Judges*, "because it's about war, and fighting puts me in mind of war. When I go into a ring I'm going to war. That's what a fight is. War. Everything I read I try to relate to my work."

The undefeated heavyweight boxing champion of the world, if you resist the claims of Muhammad Ali, shows no New Testament mercy to his adversaries, whether they be opponents in a real fight or just sparring partners in training. He

smites them impartially hip and thigh, plodding into and through their punches with none of the style and grace of Ali but with a magnificent, single-minded determination to get close enough to the enemy so that his short arms can reach a vital spot. When he is within range of an opponent his fists pound away relentlessly, mostly to the body. Most boxers pull their punches against sparring partners. Not Joe Billy Frazier.

"The reason we don't have any white sparring partners in camp," he said one afternoon recently, "is that the white fellows don't stand up to the punishment.

I'd just as soon have them. It doesn't make any difference to me, one way or another, whether they are black or white. But they do have to be able to take the punishment. It makes a bad habit to go easy on a sparring partner. You might start doing it in a real fight."

Frazier was training at Vacation Valley, a year-round resort in the Pocono Mountains near East Stroudsburg, Pa. Next week he takes on Bob Foster, the light-heavyweight champion who feels that his division is too limiting in both a financial and artistic sense. Frazier banged relentlessly away at all his sparring partners with what looked like full power, even down to the swift and slender Ray Anderson, who weighs 172 pounds to Frazier's 226 or so. He banged so hard that even Yancey Durham, the manager-trainer who discovered Frazier and developed his style, worried about Anderson's welfare. The two fighters stood head to head and punched away at each other, both yelling like karate choppers with every blow.

BORING IN as usual, Frazier pins a sparring partner to the ropes and bangs to the body.

"Don't stay in there like that, Ray," Durham cautioned. "Move out."

Afterward, sweat beaded on his head, Frazier conceded that he pounded Anderson's body as hard as he could with the 16-ounce gloves. "It's not good for him," he said. "Sooner or later it's going to hurt his kidneys, and when the kidneys go, the legs are next."

Anderson took the next afternoon off, but at the following session he was back in the ring, getting his slim waist pounded raw by the fury of Frazier's blows. An observer got the impression that the Bible-reading champion was doing just what Jehovah would have admired in an Israelite.

"You're going to wind up with sore ribs," Durham admonished the light heavyweight. But Anderson, a happy man who dearly loves his work, already had sore ribs. That afternoon he went fishing on Echo Lake, caught a sunfish on a garden worm and thereby won a \$5 bet from Durham, who had told him he could not possibly catch a fish.

Frazier does not fish.

"I don't like water," he explained. "When I was a small boy I saw another fellow swimming. He was doing the dog paddle, I guess, but I was too young to understand and I thought he was just floating. So I jumped in, top, and I must have gone down three times before he could get to me and haul me out."

What Frazier does like is anything having to do with mechanics, especially the branch that moves vehicles. He took his Harley-Davidson motorcycle to camp with him and spent hours tooling it about the country roads, polishing its iridescent blue and brilliant chrome and just proudly showing it off to Vacation Valley visitors.

"I paid \$2,500 for it," he said, "but I chromed it up and fixed it up and it must be worth \$4,500 now." A hand-tooled boxing glove surmounts each of its saddlebags.

Durham, a gray-haired man of casual men, coolly professes not to mind the motorcycle, though an accident on it would ruin what promises to be a first-rate gate. "It's his bike," says Durham. "He bought it and he rides it. I told him, 'If you're going to ride it, be a

good bike rider.' He's been thrown on the bike but no bones broken. And anyway, the more people tell him not to, the more he'll do it. He's young, and he's got to get it out of his system. You know how young automobile drivers are. After a while they steady down. It's all part of growing up."

Durham is especially proud of his father-son relationship with Frazier, who, he says, first came to his notice when he was 18. (Frazier says he was 16.) "He came into the gym weighing 235 pounds," Durham recalls, "and all I saw then was that he was a strong boy who needed to get that weight off. I didn't pay too much attention to him at first because these kids come to the gym all the time, then quit when they find out how much work it is. But this fellow liked to work. He'd get up at 3 or 4 in the morning to run, then he'd come to the gym. He was powerful, he was determined and he did not mind working. If they're not there to work there's no sense in bothering with them."

Once he saw Frazier's determination, Durham had no hesitancy about adopting him as a protégé. He fashioned Frazier's style to fit the youngster's physique. Short arms and short, heavy-thighed legs, slightly knock-kneed, meant that Frazier would never cavort about the ring stabbing and jabbing like a Muhammad Ali.

Frazier, just a trifle under 6 feet, concedes the point. "When I spread out my arms as far as they go," he says, "it's still only 71 inches. So I have to fight different."

Aside from developing his young charge's punching power, which can be murderous, Durham taught him to move unrelentingly inside an opponent in order to reach him better. The manager-trainer resents, however, any suggestion that Frazier fights like the similarly short-armed Rocky Marciano.

"You never saw Marciano slipping punches the way Frazier does," he insists. "Frazier's more a Henry Armstrong type of fighter. His style is the best style you could put up against Cassius Clay."

Durham makes no attempt to dominate his fighter. "I let him ask me questions," he says. "I don't tell him. It's a good relationship."

There is also a good relationship with-in Frazier's camp. "We don't separate

the fellows from each other," Durham says. "We all eat, sleep and play together."

Nor is there any apprehension about the fight with Bob Foster, who has been defeated four times in his 45-bout professional career, twice (Ernie Terrell and Doug Jones) by knockouts.

"Foster's a good fighter," Durham concedes casually. "He's just run out of everything in his division. We don't know how he'll do against our animal. But I don't think he can punch as hard as Quarry or Ellis."

As for Muhammad Ali, whom no one in the Frazier camp ever refers to as anything but Cassius Clay, Durham announced in mid-October he was willing to bet \$25,000 that the former champion's fight with Jerry Quarry in Atlanta never would come off. He was, furthermore, most dubious about the kind of gate that such a fight would realize on closed-circuit television. "A lot of places are going to ban it," he said. "I could have had a piece of the closed circuit, but I turned it down." Luckily

continued



TAKING A BREAK from training, Frazier sits with his rock group, The Knockouts.

for Durham, no one took him up on his bet; he was also wrong about the TV.

During Frazier's standard one-hour workout of punching the heavy bag, the speed bag, three rounds of boxing and such conditioning work as having a 20-pound medicine ball bounced off his belly, he demonstrated that his is indeed a most happy kind of training camp. He worked to the sound of phonograph music—a mix of rock and soul, a caterwauling that was loud if not clear. His partners danced and sang throughout the workout. Everybody had a good time, even those who had to get into the ring with the champ.

"Right now," he said between rounds, "I got to get in close and pound them. I got to get my weight down. Then I'll box. I want to come in at 204 or 205."

"Foster is a good person," he said later. "And he's a real good fighter. But why he wants to take me on, I don't know. Another fighter's speed—that doesn't bother me. I punch as I go in. The only handicap I have is fighting short fellows. That's because I'm used to fighting big, tall heavyweights."

He feels that his toughest professional fights were against Oscar Bonavena, the Argentinian still ranked just behind him by the World Boxing Association, and Buster Mathis, who has since dropped out of the rankings but managed to beat Frazier when both were competing for a place on the 1964 Olympic team. (Mathis then broke a finger, and Frazier went on to win the heavyweight gold medal.)

"Bonavena had me down in the first fight," he recalled, "but then in the second I beat him 12 out of 15 rounds. I respect him. He is not fast, but he is what I would call an awkward-smart fighter. You know what I mean?"

"There's no way I can touch a man by trying to hit him with a long jab. With my reach it would be silly for me to throw a long jab. But when I get close to him I jab. I step in all covered up, then I jab."

Frazier's plans for the future include a final solution of the Muhammad Ali problem, if that can be arranged, and instant retirement thereafter. By then he will have put together quite enough money to satisfy his simple tastes. He estimates that he has been able to accumulate something like \$35,000 or \$40,000 a year singing with his rock group, billed

as Joe Frazier and The Knockouts, and he has his eye on a seven-bedroom house near Germantown for himself, Florence Frazier and their five children.

"It has a six-car garage," he said, "a basement, a recreation room for the kids and an entertaining room, all on 2½ acres. It's all stone, and it's only 10 years old."

That six-car garage, one must guess, is the most attractive feature of the establishment so far as Joe Frazier is concerned. In addition to his magnificent motorcycle, which he hopes to convert into an "antique," he has a 1934 Chevrolet, "which I already got into top shape," his wife's station wagon and a 1962 Corvette, on which he has been working with all the knowledge and skill that he acquired from his father, Rubin Frazier, in Beaufort, S.C.

The Fraziers lived on a 2-acre farm, which they owned, and raised hogs and vegetables, mostly to feed a family of 13 children, of which Joe was next to the youngest. Joe's father had lost his left arm in an accident.

"So I became his left arm," says Joe. "He'd hold a bolt with his right hand and I'd screw it. By the time I was 7 I could drive a tractor, and when I was 8 I was driving an automobile. He taught me everything I know about life."

Old friends of the Frazier family today see an extraordinary similarity between father and son. "Rubin's not really dead," the saying goes around Beaufort. "Joe is still around."

Thanks to Rubin's training, Frazier is extremely sensitive to any inkling of a defect in a car or even an airplane. Friends recall taking off with him for Las Vegas one day. Soon after the plane was airborne, Joe began toidget. "This plane is flying out of balance," he told a companion, who could detect nothing wrong. But in a matter of minutes the pilot was announcing an unscheduled landing because, he said, the rudder was defective. It was an incident that turned Joe against flying, though he does take a plane occasionally when he finds it necessary.

Recently, when one of his cars was acting up, he took it into a repair shop, corrected the difficulty himself and paid an admiring mechanic for his time.

The Fraziers were deeply religious. Rubin attended the Mount Carmel Baptist Church in Beaufort, and Joe's mother went to St. John's Baptist Church,

even after her marriage. "Mom had been going there before she married," Joe said, "and I guess she just stuck with it. That's where all her friends were. I learned music in church. I never sang in the choir, but I would often lead a song from the audience. You know, someone would start singing and then everyone would join in."

"Now, with the band, what I do is rock ballads. I like to do slow songs better than the fast ones. [Some say that his singing is very like the gospel music he learned in church.] I sing in B, B flat and C, and it has to be specially arranged for me. I don't read music, but I put the feeling into the music myself."

He is thinking seriously of trying to write his own songs, with a little help from someone who knows how to transcribe them. "The way to write a song," he said, "is to have someone with you who knows how to put it down. You got to get some good words which get to the people. Music like this catches the guys because it's the way they live. They say 'Yeah!' It is that kind of song that gets them."

"What you have to do with a song is to tell a story that everybody understands. Just tell it simple. Like a guy is getting dressed for a date. He's putting on his best clothes and he's looking forward to a big night. He wonders if the girl will go for him. Everybody understands that. It's the way life is."

Joe might very well become a good lyricist. Even so, he says that his "big fun is the cars because music has become a job. It's more rough than fighting. In the ring you only have one guy to contend with."

It is quite likely that Frazier's enthusiasm for performing with The Knockouts has cooled primarily because, unlike Ali, for example, he does not enjoy the life of a public figure. Undeclared or not, after retirement he will almost certainly lapse into an oblivion he seems to seek. He is as little known as any heavyweight titleholder of modern times, and that is by his own choice. He dresses neatly, not flamboyantly, a trait that led a friend to remark one day that he was "dressed like an undertaker." Joe was wearing black slacks, a black blouse with pleated silk sleeves and a black net T shirt. "Black on black," he said, grinning. "That's the hip thing now."

He does like colors in jewelry and in

continued

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As long as you're wearing our shirts, our shorts, our socks and our ties, can we show you something in a nice suit, too?

Men keep coming back to Penneys because they like our Towncraft® shirts and ties and things. But then altogether too many of them go right ahead and overlook our Towncraft suits.

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Penneys

Available at most Penneys stores.



DACRON
by E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co.

his ring costumes, however. On his right pinky he wears a platinum band with a 3½-carat diamond; on his left, a similar one with a cluster of smaller diamonds. And his watch, designed by him, has diamonds surrounding the face, which is red. As for his ring garb, he ordered a special robe for the Foster fight. "Make me a good one this time," he told the salesman. "I want it green, because that's my color and I'm going to stick with it, and I want gold flecks on it. What's flecks? You know how Liberace has his jackets made? That's flecks."

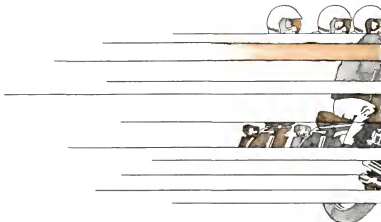
Frazier has been well protected, financially, by a group of Philadelphia businessmen who, themselves uninterested in the profits to be made from the heavy-weight championship, banded together in an organization called Cloverlay, Inc. to provide for Joe's future. When they took him in he had just returned, triumphant and penniless, from the Tokyo Olympics. The Reverend William Gray of the Bright Hope Baptist Church in Philadelphia decided that Frazier needed sound business guidance if he was to succeed as a prizefighter and approached Bruce Baldwin, then head of Abbott Dairies. (Yancey Durham had previously warned Joe against tying up with the oldtime Philadelphia boxing set.) Baldwin was interested, gathered some 40 other business and professional men around him—the number has since increased—and Joe was launched under the sponsorship of Cloverlay. Durham, however, continued to make all decisions as to opponents and to bargain for division of the spoils of battle.

That year, 1965, Joe was paid \$100 a week by Cloverlay. Later he got a raise to \$173 a week, and at present he is drawing \$1,000. He receives 55% of a fight's gross revenue; all but his salary is put into a deferred compensation account and invested for him. Durham gets 15%, and 30% goes to the Cloverlay group, which foots the bill for all expenses. Until Frazier fought George Chuvalo in 1967, Cloverlay was losing money, and the odds are that it will never make a bundle. But making a bundle never was the real idea. The champion's deferred compensation is piling up and, should he really retire after fighting Ali, there will be a tidy sum to pay the grocery bills while he fiddles with the insides of old automobiles. **END**

Art Presley parks a \$23 million jet, oversees refueling, loading, gets the next flight out on time. Promoted to station agent for his leadership and hustle. Knows his job from the ground up. Another Delta Air Lines professional.

Delta is ready when you are.





JUST ANOTHER

To Colin Newell, virtually everything worthwhile consists of a motorcycle and somewhere to ride it. This is the story of how Colin got the way he is

by MELVIN MADDOCKS

There he sits at his power console: the American motorist. Adjustable steering wheel, accelerator set at cruise, pushbutton everything. His head is on the headrest, his arm is on the armrest. As the season dictates he is defrosted or air-conditioned. The stereo tape is wailing. Within complacent reach, cradled on foam rubber and boulevard suspension, sits the girl: the built-in option of every automobile ad.

But then this all-American winner on wheels looks into his rearview mirror and the scene gets ever so slightly ruined. Down the pike thumps and rolls a motorist's apparition. First the helmet and the goggles vibrate into view, then the leather jacket and cowboy boots—half space traveler, half Daniel Boone and all alien, alien. Last of all, the machine itself: a blur of chrome and noise beneath that aboriginal mask of a face.

The bike blows by—an internal-combustion jeer—leaving a wake of smog and discontent. To the American motorist—a success story not quite at peace with himself—the cartoon character in the rearview mirror is both enemy and alter ego. Crudely—boy, how crudely!—he spells out in block letters the American ideal: bracing hardship, random adventure in the great outdoors, risk. He is the stuff

of which Walter Mitty dreams—and lynching parties—are made.

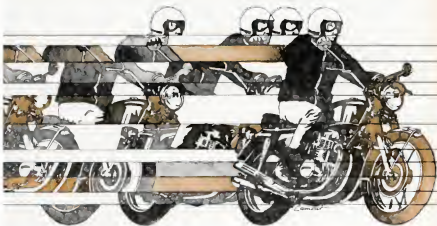
Or so goes the legend of the biker. The truth, as usual, is less flamboyant and far more interesting. Meet Colin Newell, as they say at all the best bike shops from Boston to L.A.

Colin is one of the faces in the rearview mirror—a lot of rearview mirrors. Colin has been riding almost half a century, ever since his father's best friend let him buck a Harley in an upstate New York pasture at the age of 13. Colin can still smell the hay in his nostrils from the time he took his first spill. By a kind of Pavlovian association every spill since has smelled like hay.

The first ride did it all. Colin recalls those original sensations rather like a womanizer describing how he lost his virginity. The physical details are sharp. The size and sheer bulk of the machine beneath him. The gas-oil-hot metal (and hay) smell. The slap-slap of valves and the smoker's cough of an old muffler.

Colin is pretty clear, too, on the exhilaration of power and speed—the lovely, frightening blur of the familiar world about him. But then he goes mystical. He talks of freedom—of a breakout or breakthrough. The mystique of a secret brotherhood comes over him.

In a rearview mirror or out of it Colin doesn't look 39 years old or mystical. He wears his hair short, the last of the crew cut, and though iron-gray it is bristly and un-receding. His face is weatherbeaten, but the skin seems casually tooled rather than lined. His eyes are a surprised



FACE IN A REARVIEW MIRROR

blue: they seem childlike if not outright childish. When he smiles he looks like an aging choirboy.

Off his bike Colin aspires to respectability. One year of college (on a football scholarship) has left him with a pretentious rather than a precise vocabulary, which he uses, all stops open, in the letters he writes to motorcycle magazines deploring the Bad Name that outlaw gangs like Hell's Angels give to a Family Sport.

Almost defiantly Colin wears a necktie, knotted a bit off-center to the collar of a sports shirt never intended for a tie in the first place. His favorite ties are weirdly flowered—Hawaiian tourist souvenirs, subtle sight gags. Only Colin isn't joking. He voted for Nixon. He is dead against nudity in the movies. "The motorcyclist," Colin insists in his Average Man disguise, "is just an ordinary American who prefers two wheels to four."

Colin almost fools himself with his Babbitt-on-a-bike act. But on the bike at least he must know better. Why would any average man, any sensible man, ride a motorcycle twice?

The motorcyclist, like the scuba diver and the skier, is a playboy with a hairshirt. He must wear boots he can hardly walk in, a helmet that feels like a bangover and leaves him deaf to everything but the sound of his own exhaust.

Electric starters are the new gimmick. But to start their machines most motorcyclists still have to do with their right foot what at least two generations of motorists have not had to do with a crank. The moment the engine starts—and first-kick starts are about as standard as the hole in

one—a vibration throbs through the handlebars to the hands, the wrists and on up the arms. Only a de Sade could do justice to the way a motorcyclist's back and shoulders can feel at the end of a long day. Just to keep the throttle open, the right wrist has to exert a pressure that makes a foot on the accelerator seem like nature's own position.

Then you hit the road. The slightest irregularity in the surface gets transmitted (rather than absorbed) via plunger springs and Spartan saddle to the rider's kidneys. Frequent toilet stops are one of the smaller prices of motorcycling. But by that time you really need a cup of coffee anyway. It's a vicious circle.

At 60 mph the motorcyclist is taking wind-tunnel tests, with interesting cross-bucking effects from the side. Meeting a mosquito at this speed is roughly like riding into a flying needle. If he ever lets a truck or a bus pass him on a downgrade, the motorcyclist will know what it feels like to be sucked into a vacuum cleaner.

The rider's posture is a kind of conspiracy against blood circulation. At any temperature below 70° he will turn cold in a peculiarly bone-chilling fashion. When he stops he will get the shivers, which can chatter his teeth for as long as half an hour or until the first three cups of coffee.

At night, windburned and aching, he will go to bed and psychically vibrate. The stock dream of the motorcyclist is that his throttle has become jammed and an incredibly narrow road is winding toward him, like ribbon from a spool.

For the privilege of all these choice agonies, the motorcyclist

continued

torycyclist will shell out nearly as much as he would pay for a small car—sometimes more. The new superbikes—the Honda 4, the BSA Rocket 3, the Harley-Davidson Super Glide, etc.—cost from \$1,500 to \$2,800, the price for turning their riders into human missiles traveling up to 130 mph.

In addition, the motorcycle buyer will get a temperamental engine guaranteed to broaden his knowledge of mechanical principles and elevate his powers of cursing to the level of a voodoo priest. Motorcycle manufacturers in Tokyo and Munich have been known to feel stomach pains from the wrath of bikies stranded by the roadside in Kearney, Neb. All of which has not done too much to speed the delivery of spare parts. And does the motorcyclist ever need them, what with dual carburetors, tricky cams, lots of chains and frantic rpm's? The life expectancy of most motorcycles is less than half that of a car. At 30,000 miles a motorcycle is old, old.

Then there are the other costs. Strictly speaking, every sport is a bit insane. But off the gridiron, the diamond or the court ballplayers can, and usually do, arrange their lives more or less like other men. Not so the motorcyclist.

Beyond limits Colin dares to admit to himself, his hobby has taken over and arranged his life. Money, personal relationships, health have all been laid on the line at odds no gambler could defend. Colin knots his ties squarely and walks so carefully for the same reasons the alcoholic does: to conceal from others, and perhaps from himself, the demons within.

At the end of his first year in college Colin went for a little ride on his 1927 Indian Chief, and he never really came back. He and a buddy named Harry Piager, on a Harley, headed for Montreal and just kept on going—across Canada, down through California, into Mexico. By September they had visited 35 states.

Colin was as shaken as his friends and relatives at this display of his demon, and he resolved to settle down. Most motorcyclists "get over it." The world is full of ex-poets and ex-motorcyclists. The pattern is: ride a bike, get married, sell the bike. The heaviest ownership among motorcyclists is concentrated between the ages of 20 and 22. Then life begins to get serious, or at least a little more complicated. Commitments are made. People "grow up."

By the time he was 22 Colin was married and firmly ensconced in a job, working for his father-in-law as an insurance salesman. One June day, after less than a year of domesticity, he hit the road again, riding a new Indian on his way to Arizona and out of his marriage.

When he has his tie knotted up, Colin will sometimes say with fastidious bitterness, "You know, she was a lousy cook." But when he is on a motorcycle he will put the gas tank and say, "My obsession." This is more like it, and for once he uses a big word right.

For the better part of the 1930s Colin and his bikes drifted through his own private Depression—sleeping bag, pup tent and one change of clothes lashed on the back fender. He wore an old flyer's helmet, like Eddie Rickenbacker, and a sheepskin jacket on all but the hottest days. South in the winter, North in the summer. Living off the odd job now and then and the occasional money order from home. Mostly camping out.

Colin returned to his rehearsal of respectability in 1938 when he opened his own Indian dealership, a hole-in-the-wall operation called Newell's Cycles. He has a framed picture of himself standing under the sign, smiling.

"I put my heart into that business," he likes to say. "Many's the night I fell asleep with a wrench in my hand. I was the only bike dealer in town, but they still wouldn't let me into Rotary."

Another thing made him sad. He was too busy fixing other people's bikes to ride his own. When World War II came along he cheerfully went out of business and back to his career as motorcycle migrant. He worked off and on as a shipyard welder, and he has worked off and on at scores of jobs since. He has serviced typewriters. He has been a door-to-door vacuum salesman. He has driven any number of trucks. He remains partial to working for forests.

While he is on a job, particularly in the beginning, Colin is punctual, neat, quick to learn and all that. Very blue-eyed. He likes to prove his interest by asking lots of questions. It is as if he feels anxious to show each employer that he is not one of your ordinary drifters—a buildup campaign against when he leaves.

And sooner rather than later he does leave. For the jobs—and all the other minimal commitments in his life—are arranged to suit nonnegotiable demands.

He must be free to travel to Daytona for the national championship in March. In June he never missed the trek to Laconia, N.H. for the gypsy tour—i.e., the annual gathering of the clan. (Like other old-timers, Colin grumbles that "it hasn't been the same" since Laconia's town fathers—trapped between their profit motive and too many open mufflers—finally exiled the bikes to nearby Loudon.)

July, August and September he prety much reserves for touring. It is getting harder and harder to pretend that he lives—or ever has lived—for anything but motorcycling. Still he tries.

He is sick, he says—God, how sick!—of the costume riders, the boys to whom cycling is a kind of pageant. You dress the part—tooled boots, tight leather jacket (with studs), metal-flake helmet with leopardskin lining. You customize your bike—chop the fenders; add ape-hanger handlebars, raked forks and the smallest gas tank you can find; and chrome everything in sight. Easy Rider! Then you crank it up, ride a couple or three blocks to the nearest cycle shop and that's it. Colin doesn't really want to meet another of those long-haired, pimple-faced boys, either. On crutches. With a plaster cast obscenely autographed and a two-hour story on How It Happened.

Then there are the Hell's Angels and the would-be Hell's Angels. One evening at twilight a couple of stranded bikies flagged Colin down. Broken-chain problems. Only when Good Samaritan Colin was digging out his spare link did he notice the outlaw jackets. As he worked, they kept circling his bike like customers—or pirates. Colin never fixed a chain faster.

On the other hand, he hopes against hope that he has seen his last swarming middle-aged dentist—the sort who wears sideburns, buys a snowmobile in the winter and in the summer grabs himself one of those bikes, all the rage now, with upswep exhaust and knobby tires that qualify them as street and trail machines. One Sunday in the woods, then it's back to the blocks in the corner of the two-car garage, with bent forks and twisted foot pegs.

Colin complains equally of his contemporaries—the Oldtimers who bench-race the Golden Days or endlessly debate the Perfect Bike, invariably pre-World War II. The Brough Superior is often mentioned.

continued



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He's no ordinary
Joe.**

Boots are his thing.
They're part of his image.
He knows just how to wear boots.
With style.

He knows when to wear them too.
Whenever he feels like it.

But don't try to con
The Dingo Man into a boot made
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His boots are real.

The label inside all of them
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If you don't
believe us, ask
any girl Joe
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dingo

For store nearest you, write: Acme Boot Co., Inc., Dept. SI 330,
Clarksville, Tenn. 37033. A subsidiary of Northwest Industries, Inc.

FROM ACME  THE WORLD'S LARGEST BOOTMAKER



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

Colin has seen and done it all. Motocross races are the fashion now. Colin played the game by other names—this grand occasion for a rendezvous of skulls among the lightweights. The setting: a rough dirt course with treacherous corners and a sort of jump. The only thing motorcyclists love better than two wheels is one wheel or—airborne bliss—no wheels. The technique is to hit the rise fast, go into the air with the front wheel straight and come down hard on the rear wheel, scrambling.

The enduros—those wandering obstacle courses that get laid out everywhere from the Mojave Desert to a New England farmer's north pasture—Colin has witnessed and, in fact, designed. Rituals of ordeal for men and machines. Lots of crankcase-splitting boulders and at least one sparkplug-soaking stream are necessities.

Hillclimbing has been Colin's favorite sport. And perhaps motorcycling reaches its ultimate in self-expression on those oil-stained, wheel-scarred hillsides. Speed, balance at the point of imbalance, the temptations of glorious self-destruction—all that goes to make up the motorcycle demon comes out in a hillclimb.

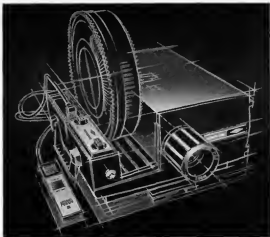
Up the slope he soars, flying from catastrophe to catastrophe. To drop the revs is to drop the bike. Forced to ride at a speed and an angle he cannot reasonably control, the hillclimber survives by the tips of his instincts. Somebody's earlier rut can twist the handlebars out of his hands. Or the bike can hit the steep of the grade and flip over backward.

To reach the top of the hill is pure absurdity and pure exhilaration. Nothing has been accomplished, and everything: the supreme illusion of every sport.

Colin has done all things on a motorcycle that can be done, tried all the variations. He has even played polo on bikes. By time, by reputation, by the inevitable mean effects of age, Colin has tested the power of his demon. And the demon doesn't go away.

It is early morning, dawn—a classic hour for the motorcyclist and Colin's favorite time. He is touring. In Vermont, in California. In Michigan, in New Mexico. It doesn't matter where. There is the low-lying silhouette—that obligatory family barracks, the American motel. Outside the neon is still pumping red through vacancy. Gone are the pup-tent and sleep-

continued



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IN THE MIRROR *continued*

ing-bag days. Colin travels in at least this much comfort.

The automobiles are lined up in neat parallels, beaded with dew. Somewhere in the center of the pack sits the motorcycle. In a molded plastic luggage box on back are the indispensables: rain suit with hood, stretch hoots, extra goggles, spare sparkplugs, points, throttle cable, chain link, bulbs for the taillight and spotlight, a sealed head beam.

In an under-the-seat specimen of airplane luggage Colin carries his clothes. He lashes it to a rack on the rear fender by elastic ropes with hooks.

Colin rolls his bike down to the main road before attempting to start. Respectable Colin might want to come back to this respectable motel—always the premise of the experienced traveler.

He tickles the primer on the carburetor and turns on the ignition. One kick. Pause. Two kicks. Pause. Third kick and it fires. The tick of a well-tuned engine is a sound Colin dotes on.

Snapping his goggles in place, he pulls off quietly. Colin likes to begin the day's ride with studded leisure. In the early hours he bypasses main routes when possible. He loves to putter down parallel side roads at 35 or 40 mph while they're still deserted. The stream of cool morning air makes a pleasant wash about him. The only sound beside his own motor is the far-off faint roar of a truck shifting gears on a turnpike hill.

He thinks of nothing, except perhaps what he will have for breakfast. Scrambled eggs, he decides. The fluffiest, lightest scrambled eggs man has ever known. Bacon; hot, crisp and lean. English muffins; not too much butter, lots of marmalade. And coffee, of course. He can taste that first cup of coffee. Does real coffee ever taste as good or smell as good as it does in the imagination?

By moving his head from front to side he makes his engine quiet, then loud, like a trumpet with a mute plunged, then withdrawn. zzzmmZZZMM. zzzmmZZZMM. He thinks of nothing. He just feels. The world is motion. The world is a hum, and he is part of it. Not young, not old, just part of a motion, part of a hum. A motion and a hum worth organizing your life about.

Listen. Somewhere people sit still and time goes by. Listen. Somewhere lawns have to be mowed, hills have to be paid.

But listen. Listen. zzzmmZZZMM. zzzmmZZZMM.

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#642 — very lightweight, 100% worsted wool ski undersock. Can be worn as the only sock in padded or foam-filled boots, or as a liner in heavier socks such as Innsbruck. Wool absorbs perspiration... keeps feet dry and warm.

Innsbruck — America's most popular ski sock! Wool and Nylon stretch yarn in a toe-to-top "thermal terry stitch". Thousands of air pockets provide maximum cushion and warmth.

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WIGWAM MILLS, INC.
Sheboygan, Wisconsin 53081
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"How an Accutron watch helped me set the American record for the fastest single-handed sailing across the Atlantic."



By Tom Follett
Marine Consultant

If you're crazy enough to sail across a 3,000 mile ocean with no crew, no motor and no way to contact shore, then you'd better have a couple of things going for you.

A boat, for one.

Mine was called "Cheers." And every single inch of her forty feet was designed, built and tested specially for the crossing.

But all that wasn't worth a can of beans if I couldn't get her from Plym-

outh, England to Newport, Rhode Island.

To navigate, I used my hand calibrated, Royal Navy sextant and my four-year-old Accutron watch.

What I had to have going for me besides a boat (and luck) were navigational instruments.

So I used my hand calibrated, Royal Navy sextant. And my four-year-old Accutron watch.

When you compute longitude, even if your sextant is perfect, if your time-

piece is just 40 seconds off, it'll throw you 10 miles off course.

And I had enough to worry about without that.

My Accutron had a tuning fork movement guaranteed accurate to within a minute a month.* It also had forty-eight months of experience on other boats.

After all that time of keeping me on course (no matter how far off a storm tried to throw me) I trusted it to come through again.

And as you can see by that big headline up there, it did.

It's been two years now, since the crossing. And "Cheers" has retired to a British museum.

But my old Accutron watch has remained very accurately on the job.

And I would still be wearing it now, if it weren't for the fact that Bulova gave me a new one for writing this ad.

Accutron Deep Sea "A" Water resistant to 666 feet. Crystal-enclosed shaped time indicator. Luminous hands and markers. Stainless steel case and band. \$230. Other styles from \$110. Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if purchased from and returned to authorized Accutron dealer within one year of date of purchase. Bulova Watch Company, Inc.



The watch that's become
a scientific instrument.
Accutron by Bulova.

SCANDINAVIA

LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT

It isn't all that dark, really; more of a silvery twilight from October to March. The area is bounded on the north by the absolute top of the world, with the chill Baltic lying to the south—and in between live all those people who have figured out not only how to survive the winters but also how to make them fun. Scandinavians are vigorous, tending toward the blond and beautiful; they glow from the good life, which begins with cold clean air and is followed by such comforts as reindeer steaks, saunas and *hembrent*, a drink that sets the blood afire. Through Sweden, Denmark, Norway and Finland the Scandinavians hunt, sail, play fierce hockey and win most of the Olympic Nordic gold medals. They also use all their ice: sailing and skating over it, dogsledding and

FUN skijoring all across it and fishing through it. Centuries of this sort of thing have produced a special look, exemplified by the sparkle of Miss Norway, Pia Walker Wright and the people and places on the following pages. For wintry comfort and fashion, the girls of the Northland bundle into the rich, thick furs of the region—wolf, fox and mink, designed by such solid Nordic names as Birger Christensen of Denmark and Ivan Petersson of Sweden and *Turkis Fur-Lyx* of Finland, and into sheepskin by Lee and Wulf Simon of Norway. But a visit to Scandinavia can uncover more than the glowing beauty and wintry health of the people—there is above all the country itself. On page 54 staff Norskman William Johnson begins his cold, happy story. —JULE CAMPBELL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRAHAM FINLAYSON





Students Peter Rosenberg, Susanne Westerback in Helsinki.



And in Oslo, snowmobiling's nifty Nordic, Pia Walker.





Finnish beauty Seja Tyn also is the country's top woman rally driver



At left: Helsinki's Anna-Liisa Ruuska. Below: Fun on a kick-led kick



ICY ADVENTURES OF A VIKING GRANDSON

The silence is supernatural. The days are dark and bitter cold, with an eerie twilight at noon. A relentless wind screams off the Norwegian Sea, inducing the melancholies of March. It is too frosty to fish, the drinks are overpowering and the food is weird. Having wonderful time. Wish you were here.

This is the chronicle of the odyssey of a middle-aged Viking Grandson (20th century American Midwest branch) as he made his way through the Scandinavian lands of his forebears late in the sullen winter of 1970. It is a modest work.

The classic chronicler of Vikings was Snorri Sturluson, a 13th century Icelandic scholar who spun out tomes about the mythical and historic deeds of gods and kings and bloody warlocks. Snorri collected long and chilling tales of Odin, the cunning lord of dead warriors who sometimes led good men to undesired death so they could spend eternity with him in *Fotholl* ("slain-hall"), fighting like lunatics by day and feasting like hogs by night. Snorri wrote at length of the fates of such royal persons as Eirik Bloodaxe and Halldan the Black, of Harald Fine-Hair and Harald Blue-Tooth and Harald Grey-Coat and Harald Hard-Ruler. He preserved the verse of such heroic poets as Thorarrn Prause-Tongue. He told of dwarfs' curses and of toasts quaffed in eagles' blood, of dead men's skulls silver-plated to make banquet goblets and of swift swords with names of their own such as "Lightning Flash of Blood" and "Icecle of the Baldric."

Nothing in the saga of the Viking Grandson 1970 will approach Snorri Sturluson's grand narratives, you can be sure of that. If you fancy eagles' blood, this is not your kind of chronicle. The Viking Grandson is native to the pasteurized Velveeta cheeseburger and the cherry-flavored Coke. He is not so long ago removed from cornfield towns of Minnesota where there are no swords, only plowshares which carry no name but that of Deere or Allis-Chalmers. Even his claim to a Viking heritage is dim: all of his ancestors migrated to America from meager farms in southern Norway, except for his paternal grandfather, a Swede, who had sailed aboard the Clipper ships of the mid-19th century before settling in the American Midwest as a farmer and a writer of devout Lutheran tracts. It did not seem like-

ly that Odin had held a reserved seat in *Fotholl* for the Viking Grandson's kind (although one could never be certain, since Odin was famed for his mercurial changes of mind).

Nevertheless, whatever the legitimacy of his claim to the bloodlines of the likes of Eirik Bloodaxe, you can be sure that it was a strange and bone-chilling trip he took, entirely arbitrary in its preparation and all but aimless—even antic—in its direction. He went to such disparate spots as the Lofoten Islands, the Swedish tundra near Abisko, the lamplighted ski



trails in the hills above Oslo, the eerie Arctic Highway in Finnish Lapland. He traveled by jet plane, coastal steamer, speeding train, cross-country ski, rowboat and Hertz rental car. He feasted upon codfish tongues, reindeer steaks and sheep's head. He drank home-made beer, *beimelbrenn*, which is Norwegian moonshine, and *kaffir kark*, which is a Norwegian form of sweetened dynamite with only slightly less mystical qualities than eagles' blood.

Let it be said at this point that the account of the Viking Grand-

BY WILLIAM JOHNSON

son's tour will, of necessity, be chronologically disconnected. It may even have tones of surrealism on occasion. That cannot be helped, for that is the way I conceived of it in retrospect upon my return to the New World—a disjointed, kaleidoscopic looking glass of memories, many vignettes clearly recalled, oddly unrelated, yet surely all occurring within the same brief context of this single tour—1,600 miles over 10 days or so—through the Scandinavian Arctic in the late winter of 1970.

It was all alien, icy, bleak. Yet I

tough Arctic birch could thrive, gnarled and mottled trees that have grown for perhaps 100 years and yet stand scarcely 25 feet tall. It occurred that maybe the dwarfs had in fact laid on a blessing rather than a curse, for such "waste-lands"—vast empty acreage scorned by industry and commerce—were really now becoming the planet's rarest treasures: they were among the last, the only, areas left unstained by civilization's pervasive progress. Then I felt a tugging at my sleeve. I turned in the train corridor to find a very pale, very short man (well under

vendor who came through the car. He gave me one and we looked out together at the round-shouldered mountains which were now turning peach-colored in the nearing sunset. The little sailor said, "If you had come a few weeks ago it would have looked like this at noon." Then the train stopped at a quaint and lonely quasi-Victorian brick building labeled Vasälsare, which is the northernmost railway stop in Scandinavia. The little man picked up a seabag and departed, saying, "Be thankful you have missed the dark months. Some say there are phantoms."



found it all to be idyllic—particularly the very nearly supernatural silence and prehistoric purity that prevailed over the haunting terrain. One afternoon, aboard the train that runs daily between Narvik, Norway and Kiruna, Sweden on Scandinavia's northernmost railway line, I was gazing out the window at the low marshmallow mountains of the Norwegian Arctic. Idly I wondered if perhaps this desolate section of the earth had once been cursed by dwarfs, earmarked for eternity as a wasteland where in winter only the

five feet tall) gazing up at me. The tiny man smiled and said in Swedish-accented English, "I see you are admiring the scenery. Nothing grows big in the north, but what grows is very strong."

I gulped and could find nothing to say except, "Who are you?" The tiny man replied quite pleasantly, "I am a sailor. I have been everywhere on earth. Nothing is so beautiful as seeing the Arctic here in winter. Not so many people know that."

The little man then ordered two bottles of Top Ol beer from a lady

Well, it was mid-March when the Viking Grandson made this trip, a remarkably good time to travel above the Arctic Circle, as it turned out. Though it is bitterly cold, it is light for perhaps 12 hours a day. The sun is pale and dull and by no means a constant comfort, but the darkest season has passed. From mid-November to early February it is mid-night black almost all day long; it is twilight at high noon. I had wondered how it would be to spend weeks in an endless night. One evening, over Scotch at the

Turiststation at Abisko, Sweden, I spoke with a woman who had just completed her first winter of darkness.

A cheery, sturdy person of middle age, she said she had long been an ardent cross-country skier, perhaps having traveled 20,000 miles or so on skis since childhood, and that the trails around Abisko were among the best she had known. Yet, she said with a puzzled expression, she had scarcely skied at all during the winter darkness. Why? Was it the cold? Was she afraid of wolves? Of bears? Of getting lost in the night? "No," she said, "I was afraid of the dark. I do not know why because I had never been afraid before. But when it is always night—without a ray of sun in all the hours of a day—strange things happen. In every shadow I saw things that were not there. I could not bring myself to ski." Her face was quite pinched.

To drive the Arctic Highway through Finnish Lapland, the Viking Grandson rented a Hertz car at the airport at Lulea, Sweden, one dim and snowy Saturday morning and departed in rather a dazed condition. The night before I had spent in Kiruna, Sweden, the iron-mining capital of Scandinavia. I had slept, briefly and not well, beneath an orange full moon on a floodlit mountain slope that rose improbably in the center of downtown Kiruna. Then I had drunk wine at the sleek new Ferrum Hotel, slept badly because every miser in Kiruna seemed to be at a party in the next room, and risen at a stupefying early hour to catch the SAS flight to Lulea. I had no idea what I would find traveling over something called the Arctic Highway in the dead of winter. Snowdrifts? Reindeer traffic jams? Dog sleds? Rich Lapps in Jaguars? Well, I did not know, but I had gotten it in my mind—somehow—that I wanted to celebrate a Saturday night in Lapland. Saturday night in Lapland. It had a surprisingly pleasant ring to it, a poetic logic that was appealing. So I set out in this gold Volvo sedan, and in the thin morning light, while a gauzy curtain of *crinoid*

snow drifted over Sweden, I drove quite easily into Finland, through Haparanda and Tervola and Korva and Rovaniemi and past Kumpuntuntus.

The road rolled out in magnificent condition, a wide ribbon better kept than, say, in Nebraska or Maine or even Minnesota during a hard winter. Snow had been cleared, gravel laid over icy spots. Traffic was almost nonexistent. Occasionally a gigantic truck, hauling huge double-trailers heavy with fresh-cut logs, thundered past, a great plume of snow powder rising in its wake. A few people appeared along the road, most of them dressed in funeral black clothing and some gliding along on little kick-sleds. There were small gray farmhouses scattered along the way and an occasional store.

Mostly there was nothing but that strangely delicate-looking black pine forest, the snow, the red-and-yellow signs warning that reindeer may appear at any time. The light was oddly evanescent, uncertain, almost eerie in its changing effects. For at any time it could subtly shift from an opaque water gray to a kind of luminous shimmering green or to a promising pale gold, as if the sun were about to burst out, or to a cold twilight blue, as if night were nigh. What made it so peculiar was that all of these light changes occurred while a steady film of snow was falling. The shift-

ings kept up, morning, noon and afternoon, until it suddenly fell dark—as if a shutter had slammed closed.

Just before this abrupt dusk, the Viking Grandson arrived at Laanila, which seems on the map to be a town but is actually only a ridiculously modern lovely lodge set in the frosty forest primeval 200 miles above the Arctic Circle. I went to the bar, a gleaming plastic surface attentively served by a maid in a minkskirt, and ordered a Scotch on the rocks. But despite the sleek and familiar look of things, English is not so readily handled in Finland as in other Scandinavian lands, and the barmaid looked sad and puzzled. A man one barstool down made the necessary translations, then leaned over and introduced himself—Valtteri was his name, he said; air traffic controller at nearby Ivalo, the northernmost airport in Finland, was his game. I asked Valtteri if many Americans visited here and Valtteri replied, "Negateef? Negateef? Nul Noemal systems here for tourist business is other Finns. Sometimes Germans, Belgians, French." Then his eyes grew red and his nostrils flared. "Never Russians! Never! They couldn't neighbors, but negateef!" His fist crashed on the bar. The Viking Grandson soothingly changed the subject and asked Valtteri about Saturday night in Lapland.

The air traffic controller rolled his eyes, grinned widely and said, "Biggest parties always Saturday nights. All systems normal on Saturday means we celebrate." But first, said Valtteri, it was "normal system" to take a Saturday-night sauna.

During the sauna, Valtteri entertained with stories of people who had died in saunas because they had not known how much heat their bodies could take. "Heart stops when sauna too hot," he said. Yet he insisted a "Real-Finn" (it was said as if it were one word) had to withstand certain high-level temperatures to be a man. He kept pouring dippers of water on the rocks; each raised the temperature of the sauna noticeably, until Valtteri peered at a thermometer on the



wall and cried exultantly that it had reached the proper level for a "Real-Finn"—120° centigrade. Suddenly, the meaning of the number dawned on me—and I noticed at the same instant that my skin had turned approximately vermilion. On the centigrade scale, water boils at 100°; 120 was—good! Good!—I leaped frantically out of the sauna, giving up all claim to Real-Finnhood.

Once I had stopped tingling, I asked Valtteri if a "Real-Finn" would now do the post-sauna act of rolling in the snow or dropping through the ice into a lake. Valtteri barked: "Negateef! That is for tourists. Real-Finns take cold showers."

Saturday night in Lapland proved to be vaguely similar to Saturday night in, say, Laramie, Wyoming. The lodge was obviously the swaying spot for the immediate Arctic. The single girls, heavily made-up around the eyes and given to shiny ruby lipstick, arrived in small coveys—without dates. They sat together in groups at tables around a small dance floor. The men, both young and old, arrived in pairs or trios. They swaggered about poking each other in the ribs and guffawing among

themselves over jokes. Their hair glistened with oil. Of course, there were several tourist couples who were staying at the lodge, but mostly, Valtteri said, the crowd had drifted down from Ivalo.

The music was from a jukebox—a Rock-Ola 440 Stereo. Even though there were some solid Finnish tunes—Marikka Aro belting out *Taken Yli* and Olavi Kvikkieski with *Pakka sai postin*—there were also some hot items by the Rolling Stones, Diana Ross and the Supremes, Creedence Clearwater Revival and Engelbert Humperdinck. A drink favored by the barmen was a mixture of vodka, gin, green crème de menthe and a cherry. It was not very Real-Finn; its name was *La Dolce Vita*.

About 9 p.m., when there was a lot of dancing under way and most of the town girls had had at least one turn around the floor (Valtteri was very chivalrous), there suddenly appeared in the doorway a small, bald, rather elderly man. The Ivalo girls applauded and the Ivalo men shouted lusty greetings at him. "Oh," said Valtteri, "it is Jussi. He is chief reindeer herder." Jussi was dressed in a black tunic with a hood, knee-length trousers, heavy





woolen socks and pointy-toed moccasins made of reindeer hide. Looped tightly over one shoulder, across his chest and under the other arm, was a lasso.

Just as the old reindeer herder beamed around the room, his face pale but reflecting a kind of cherubic glow. Then he went to the first table of Ivalo girls, made a stiff little bow and stood silently aside. One rose and danced quite amiably through one tune, then Jusi returned her to her chair. He kept on with the same routine, the stiff bow, the dance, then on to another girl. Soon perspiration was dripping in rivers from his nose and his chin, and the fringe of gray hair was plastered wet around his glistening pate.

Finally, Jusi had danced with every woman in the lodge, including the tourists' wives and the barmaids. About midnight, still grinning and still having uttered not so much as one syllable as far as the Viking Grandson had seen, Jusi bowed at the doorway and departed into the night.

"He rises before the sun to care for reindeer," said Valmost. "Only thing Jusi likes more than reindeer is dancing with Ivalo girls on Saturday night. He is Real-Finn."

One morning I took an SAS jet from Oslo to Bodo, a small port on the Norwegian Sea, perhaps 50 miles above the Arctic Circle. Around noon I found myself standing upon a dock in Bodo that smelled strongly of raw fish, and I clasped my arms tightly about myself to keep warm as the relentless freezing breeze that howled in from the harbor. A woman from the local tourist office said, "The wind in Bodo does not ever stop blowing in winter. Some say it is like a crazy man humming the same tune over and over and over. You get used to it eventually."

The sun sparkled upon the sea, but I shuddered as I thought of how the shriek of the crazy wind would come to sound during those long weeks when it was constantly nigh.

The lady from the tourist office hunched her thin shoulders in the wind and said rather sadly, "Up here we say that travelers who come to the north of Norway in summer and there are many—are doing an individualist's vacation. In winter, it is a triple individualist's vacation. Almost no one comes. Americans almost never come at any time."

Given the routine issue of Scandinavian tourist brochures one could easily come to believe that in winter the country is fit only for wolves. Most of the photography published to lure tourists consists almost entirely of candy-coated Kodachrome scenes of summer. These pictures are used so frequently that they would have us believe the place is in a constant state of bloom, rampant with hollyhocks and limped pools and barbered parks where gentle cellists play Sibelius all the livelong day. Almost no snow is shown—and certainly none is forecast.

Well, hell. No flower child's garden could have nurtured such noble louts as Snorri chieftained—the likes of Sven Forkbeard and Olaf the Stout and Magnus Barelegs and Ivar the Boneless. Of course not. Nor could Ull, noble god of skiing and hunting, thrive in such an Easter-basket land. Nor could The Roddy Man—the celebrated stick figure of a Stone Age man on skis, crudely etched upon a rock near the Norwegian repon of Rodoy to prove to archaeologists' satisfaction that the sport of skiing did indeed exist in Scandinavia 4,000 years ago. Whenever the brochures showed, the Viking Grandson felt rather smug about being classed as a "triple individualist" and he decided that the essence of Scandinavia definitely lay in the bitter gales of winter. It was good I felt that way. God knows there were

no hollyhocks in Bodo and snow was forecast for that night in the Lofoten Islands.

At the Bodo docks I boarded a coastal steamer, the *Husken Jori*, one of a small fleet that makes voyages up the coast of Norway far into the Arctic all year round, offering a magnificently civilized form of daily transportation even between such frigid outposts as Bodo and Samsund in the Lofotens and Narvik and Tromsø farther north. The boat was serene and gently lighted in its interior, warmly appointed with yellow carpeting, a great deal of tan and aspen woodwork, shaded lamps and overstuffed furniture in the lounges. In the dining room there were fresh carnations on the tables, and the cuisine—beer, boiled beef, boiled potatoes, boiled custard—was hearty and filling if not very delicate.

In its voyage from Bodo to Samsund, the *Husken Jori* consumed about four and a half tons. The boat rolled and pitched as it plowed through choppy dark waters flecked with white cakes of ice. Not many miles away, at the end of the Lofoten Island chain in the Norwegian Sea, was the legendary Maelstrom current, a vile stretch of water which was the setting for one of Edgar Allan Poe's darker tales of mystery and imagination. But there was no danger, of course. The steamer plowed ahead, past magnificent saw-toothed stone islands that continued



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thrust violently out of the sea. Eventually, the sun slipped close to the horizon and it spread a shimmering reddish-gold channel upon the black waters in the ship's wake. On deck icy spray ran in rivulets down the glassed portholes, and the wind moaned louder as night fell.

Snow was drifting through the night when I departed the steamer in Stamund. I boarded a bus, which lurched almost immediately away from the dock and began bucking over a narrow, ice-covered road, past snow banked as high as a house and along unfenced chasms that fell many feet to booming sea or snowy rocks below. A fellow passenger, a thin young man carrying a bulky briefcase, leaned across the aisle and said, "The roads here used to be much narrower. But people still agree that bus drivers in Lofoten are the craziest on earth. They all drive as if they have just seen a troll chasing behind." In a rather desperate conversation constantly threatened by the swaying and snarling of the bus (and what might have been the cackling of a troll behind but was in reality only the rattle of a loosened tire chain) I learned that the young man was bound for the tiny fishing hamlet of Nusfjord. He planned to visit one Bernhard Dahl in an attempt to sell him a \$35,000 earth-moving machine. Coincidentally, I was also bound for Nusfjord, also to the establishment of Bernhard Dahl, for I had contracted to rent briefly from Dahl a *rorbakk*—a bare and homely little hovel of the kind perched along the story inlets of the islands since the dark ages of the 11th century for the use of the small navies of cod fishermen who labor in the Norwegian Sea off Lofoten. *Rorbakk* are rented to tourists in the summer and to fishermen in the late winter and early spring season when the *torak* (cod) are running. Now and then a triple individualist slips in for a winter night or so.

The bus flew for several miles past endless wooden racks where rows of *torak* hung to dry in the sharp, pure air. At last the bus careened onto a ferryboat that churned slowly across the tiny

channel between the islands of Vestvagoy and Flakstadoy. The Viking Grandson and the earth-moving-machinery salesman watched the roiling water at the ferry's stern. The salesman said that Bernhard Dahl's family had held economic reign over this section of Flakstadoy Island for several generations, that they owned the fishery, the single general store, the docks, the *rorbakk*, many fishing boats, as well as a number of the homes inhabited by the 70-odd citizens of Nusfjord. It did not seem very removed from plain old medieval feudalism, he said.

We stood in the snow by the side of the ferry ship to await the arrival of someone from Bernhard Dahl's establishment. A Volkswagen bus rolled out of the night and a plump, jolly little matron, Bernhard Dahl's wife Judith, climbed out. "Call me Yooddy," she caroled. "What you do in Nusfjord?" she asked. I said I wasn't sure I said I thought I would try to fish for cod and perhaps do some sking. Yooddy said, "Yah, sure, but it busy time for Bernhard Dahl. We let the boy Hans lead you, yah. He is not 11 yet, but is good hunter, good *fisker* don't worry."

No lights shone anywhere along the road to Nusfjord but the notorious Lofoten mountains loomed all about like unfathomably big beasts. Their jagged snowy stone precipices were probably no more than 1/50th the size of the Alps, yet they seemed exactly as overwhelming as they were described by Poe—"outstretched like ramparts of the world, lines of horribly black and beetling cliff." Even in miniature they were no less breathtaking than the Alps or the Canadian Rockies.

Soon a few lights twinkled ahead between two grand crags. "Nusfjord," said Yooddy. The Volkswagen cruised between several pale, plain houses and stopped near a pier. It was perfectly silent. Not a soul was to be seen. The air, biting and cold, was fragrant with the smell of salt and of fresh fish. Snow had stopped falling but there was a powdery accumulation perhaps four inches deep upon the properties of Bernhard Dahl. In the dim light of



bare electric bulbs shining here and there along the docks, I saw that fresh snow lay upon the fishing boats tied up for the night and upon the narrow plank-walks built on stilts above the water. The plank-walks led to a quaint and random jumble of tiny wooden red-painted huts along the pier—the *rørbar* of Bernhard Dahl's *fisker* (fishermen).

"Come," chirped Yoody. Her feet stamped large prints in the untouched snow as she led me to the lodging. Waving her arm toward the darkness beyond the boats, Yoody said, "Torak far out there in sea." She gestured at the silent row of shacks. "Fisker all sleep." She strode along the snow carpet of the plank-walk, and at a wooden structure, approximately the size of a refrigerator carton and built overhanging the water, she waved and giggled. "Toilet. Fresh-air toilet." A few yards farther, she held up a small black hose from which clear water spurled and said, "Running spring water for guest." She flung open the door of a *rørbar*, ushered me through a rough-lumber space that was filled with drying nets and floats and fishing lines, then opened another door and a warm light beamed out. "This your home wit' us," she said. It was a single wooden room, about 12' by 12', immaculately painted white and pale apple-green, furnished with a wood stove (which was ablaze), an electric burner, two benches, a table, a washbasin, a bucket and a metal pitcher. About seven feet above, nailed to two facing walls as if they were large shelves in a closet, were four wooden ledges—the bunks. A crude ladder led to the ledges and each was covered with a thin mattress and blankets. I put down my suitcase and looked out a window. A rack of drying cod stood just beyond the *rørbar*. I asked Yoody about the process and she smiled broadly. "That is Lofoten magic. There is no bacteria in air here. And for two, I've months long these stock fish work with the wind and the sun on the rack and the sun and the wind work with the fish and they become full of rich strength. We take them down in Juni [June] and they

good for many years. Come to Bernhard Dahl's store now. You want to eat, yah?"

It was an establishment suspended in description somewhere between Gandma's attic and Flem Snopes' general store in Yoknapatawpha County. The good citizens of Nusfjord and the seasonal *fisker* alike had nowhere else to trade, so Bernhard Dahl had stocked up for most contingencies. On shelves that rose to the 14-foot ceiling along every wall he had hairbrushes and wool shirts, felt hats and nylon yarns, fishermen's boots and fishermen's clogs and heavy rubber gloves and rum slickers, floats for nets, nails, Thermos jugs, wristwatch bands, tiny china cups and hammers and shovels and skis. He had plastic yo-yos and razor blades and water tumblers and jars of deodorant, and black-and-tackle rigs. He had cans of herring and slabs of brown goat cheese and Ritz crackers and heavy black bread and rings of bologna and cans of Del Monte fruit cocktail and bottles of Coca-Cola.

I bought some goat cheese and herring and black bread and asked Yoody if they had any wine in the store. She raised her eyes to the ceiling, then opened a door at the rear of the store and spoke in Norwegian. Then she beckoned and said, "Here is Bernhard Dahl."

I shook hands with a tall man, thick-featured and floury-skinned and rather dour-looking, wearing a green woolen cardigan fully buttoned. Bernhard Dahl said in a deep, portentous voice, "I sell you wine, yah. We do business in what we can." He left the office. I looked about. There was an ancient typewriter, its ring of type exposed like grinning teeth, and there were many deep stacks of black ledgers on the shelves. There was a calendar with large, unmistakable black numbers, and a rather old oil portrait of a shrew-eyed fellow who strikingly resembled Bernhard Dahl himself. The centerpiece of the office was a bulky black box of steel, not quite as tall as Bernhard Dahl—a fireproof safe with a dial the size of a dinner plate and a hefty brass handle that seemed well polished from being used often. The earth-moving machinery salesman sat in the

office, too; he looked as if he were being held prisoner. But the next day he said that he had made the \$35,000 sale.

Bernhard Dahl returned with a bottle of wine and said, "I would talk with you tonight but there is much work. Much work. Good night." The office door closed the instant I stepped out and Yoody

but vaguely similar in flavor), and Yoody left.

I might have slipped under some 11th-century spell then. In this *rest*, sipping wine cooled in snow and chewing the succulent *torak* tongues, I felt the spirits of fishermen past closing in. But then Yoody, ever the effervescent hostess, knocked and announced that



Dahl said, quite suddenly, "Have you had codfish tongues? You cannot see Nusfjord without codfish tongues." The Viking Grandson had not bargained for this, assuming that goat cheese and black bread would be about as exotic as he needed to be in Lofoten. Yoody would have it no other way; with maternal dispatch she filled a plastic bag with thick whole *torak* tongues and walked to the *rørbar*. There, while the Viking Grandson nibbled goat cheese and drank wine, she bearded the tongues, sautéed them in butter, salted them and served them. She slipped wine poured into a tumbler packed with fresh snow from the *rørbar* roof. The Viking Grandson ate and found the codfish tongues superb (they were richer and juicier than butterfly shrimp,

I could come and watch television with the Dahls if I wished. Perhaps, she said, *Gustav* or the cartoon family *Fint* (*The Flintstones*) would be on. They were the No. 1 shows in the Lofoten.

That night, the padded board bunks felt like goosedown. I slept as if dead until 5 a.m. when the first cod-fishing boat started its engine, then fell asleep again until 8:30 when the slip was empty.

Young Hans Dahl took over now. In an ancient wooden dory, with hand-bewn oars and two whittled pegs stuck in the gunwales for oarlocks, the 10-year-old took me out to sea to fish for *torak*. It was gray and snowing. The flakes felt sharp when they hit the skin. There was a stiff air wind. The waves rose to six-foot crests, especially in the *continued*

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narrow, choppy channel that lay between two black mountain slopes marking the line between the open Norwegian Sea and the snug cove at Nusfjord. But Hans was a doughty lad, apple-checked and perhaps a trifle large for his age. He gave me a hand-reel of heavy line with a large and lethally hooked spoon at the end and rowed out into the teeth of the wind. For an hour, while the dory tossed and broached in the waves, I held the line overboard, pumping it occasionally. Nothing happened. Young Hans spoke no English and seemed to understand it only spasmodically. The conversation was reduced generally to the Viking Grandson smiling stiffly and saying, "Torak?" and Hans replying with a shrug. At last, I said quite firmly, "No torak!" and pointed commandingly over a mile of dark water and blowing snow to shore. Hans shrugged, said, "No torak!" and rowed home in a gallant struggle with the elements that took slightly more than an hour.

Later, Hans and the Viking Grandson tried skating in the grand silence behind Nusfjord. There



was quite excruciating exertion involved in climbing the low slopes to get above an idyllic valley flanked by ragged alpine crags. Huffing and puffing, I herring-boned up for all I was worth, and finally perched upon a sort of hummock. I had borrowed skis of the narrow, long, wooden cross-country variety and if they were waxed at all it was with library paste. Fine for climbing. However, for the pleasant skids I anticipated down the hummock they were quite hopeless. So in a Chap-

clambering from beneath a tree down through the valley. Each time he flushed something, young Hans would rise, hold a rigid statuesque pose as if he were aiming a rifle and make the shooting sound that is used by all children in the world: "KAAAAM! KAAAAM! KAAAAM!"

Bernhard Dahl charged \$2.80 for the *rorbo* and a really exorbitant \$10 for "taxi service" to the bus stop by the ferry. He refused to take money for the guide-work of his son, so I slipped a

of Finnish Lapid, a determinedly up-to-date town filled with glass-walled hotels and bodilike insurance offices set amid black-green pines. I walked into the dining room of one of the more sumptuous hotels and ordered lunch. The colors in the room were cheery: the crystal gleamed; the waitress smiled, and the plates were heaped with thick slabs of cheese and cold reindeer steaks. There was crisp Finnish beer on hand and there were many people in the room, dressed in their



linesque burlesque of a skier I was forced to make a clumsy clapping walk in order to get down a fairly steep incline.

Throughout the trek, young Hans kept stooping short in the snow, rasping out in a loud hoarse whisper, "Spører! Spører!" which means he had seen a spore—or track—upon the snow. Then, holding a chubby finger to his lips to keep the Viking Grandson silent, he would step out of his skis and spring ahead in a flailing charge through the snow and suddenly begin digging beneath a black boulder or a stunted evergreen. Twice a startling flurry of wings sounded as a black and white quail-like bird—a *ryse*—flashed low across the snow. And once a huge hare went desperately

10-kroner note (\$1.40) into the pocket of Hans' jacket. I did not know it if would end up in Bernhard Dahl's big fireproofed safe or not.

In Sweden, people talked quite casually to the Viking Grandson about March as being a time to *grubbla*—to "push out lower lips," as it were. Which means a sort of seasonal mood of grim depression sets in, a wallowing in the exquisite melancholy of the north, a time to meditate on the futility of a life spent in ice and snow and night. I did not take it too seriously, since I did not expect to be in Scandinavia long enough to *grubbla*.

One Sunday afternoon I was strolling in Rovaniemi, the capital

Sunday clothes. Outside, the sky was gray as stone and it was snowing over the plain behind the hotel, but then a man and a little boy gazed by the window on skis and they were laughing.

Soon the hotel musicians, four men dressed in gaudy vests and rich blue breeches, assembled on the bandstand, tuned up quite jauntily and then swung without warning into a song that was so morose that I simply stopped eating and listened. The clarinet wailed and the chords of the piano were deep sobs. The violin wept openly and an electronic zither sounded hysterical wail grief. Visions of deep snow and broken hearts, intimations of mortality lay heavy on the room. It was music, to *grubbla* by, and spirits

of the diners were visibly lowered. Yet the tune, some kind of Finnish lament, went on and on and on. The Viking Grandson soon discovered himself dwelling on thoughts of empty rooms, foggy nights, endless roads. The depressing music lasted for many minutes and when the band finally switched to something light and swift, a shroud lay over all of Sunday. Slowly the people recovered. Eventually, as the happier music went on it was, I noticed, an unlikely '40s American medley of *To Each His Own, That Lucky Old Sun* and *Zip-a-dee-doo-dah*, beer glasses were raised again. Somewhere a voice said, "kyyys," which is a traditional Finnish toast, and somewhere, someone said "holkyä kofkyä," which is the traditional Finnish reply to kyyys. Soon people were laughing, and the Viking Grandson, feeding for no real reason at all that some dead heavy stone had lifted from his heart, not only ate all of the cheese and reindeer steaks on the platter before him and drank all of the beer, he even ordered more of everything.

Later when I asked a Finn I had gotten to know about the doomed way I had felt amid the music in Rovaniemi, the Finn, a cynical fellow, laughed and said, "You felt better when the sad music stopped than you had before it started, did you not? And you ordered more food and drink, did you not? Do not underestimate Finnish hotelkeepers. They know what is good for business and what is not."

In the Norwegian ski resort of Voss, the Viking Grandson met up with Trygve, a tall, lean, terribly pallid fellow with penetrating eyes. Trygve was an original half-fellow-well-met and, as such, was an excellent director of the Voss tourist office. Perhaps it was the first item of discussion, perhaps the second, but very early on in our acquaintanceship Trygve suggested the subject of a *smalahove* dinner. I knew not of what Trygve spoke.

So, over a bottle of Linie aquavit (a brand of the Norwegian national drink which is always aged by the romantic process of gently rocking in the hold of some

ship bound on a voyage of several months' duration) Trygve explained about eating *smalahove*. Not so many years ago—perhaps even back in 1888 when Knute Rockne was born in Voss—the villagers existed in a state of poverty so desperate that they were often forced to find nourishment in the meanest edibles around. One, it turned out, was *smalahove*—the head of a sheep, which is ordinarily discarded after the animal is butchered for mutton.

"Given the way life changes," said Trygve, "what once seemed a stark necessity to avoid starvation sometimes becomes a delicacy. Such as snails or calves' brains. And now Voss is the world's Number One importer of sheep's heads, perhaps. I say 'perhaps' because we do not know for certain. Worldwide statistics are not kept of such information."

Trygve went on to say that in Voss a sheep's head now costs about \$3.75 and that, as a rule, one must order one from a local meat market or hotel kitchen several days in advance. Trygve had good connections, however, and the very evening after the subject of *smalahove* was first broached, I found myself seated at a candle-lit banquet table, awaiting the specialty of Voss. Before the meal there was much quaffing of aquavit in small glasses, followed by tumblers of homemade beer (an oddly sweet stuff with a truly impressive orange-golden color). Trygve explained that to prepare *smalahove* one first singed off the wool, then soaked the head in brine for three days. Then it is placed in a smokehouse filled with the smoke of birchwood for two more days, and it is taken into a



kitchen and boiled for three hours just before it is served upon a large platter.

Given Trygve's rather impersonal description of the culinary process, I was not fully prepared for the arrival of a *smalahove*. But there, upon the prescribed platter, it lay—eyes gently closed, an innocent and friendly turn to its mouth. If it was not actually Mary's lamb then it was just yesterday being addressed from some nursery as Bah-Bah Black Sheep. Trygve carved.

The Viking Grandson found himself able to eat with fair gusto. The jaws were juicy and tasty. Not so strong as mutton. Other parts were tougher but quite enjoyable. Then Trygve rose again and said quite seriously, "The eyeball is considered the best of all. And any good host must offer it first to his guest before he takes it for himself." The morsel was placed quite carefully upon the Viking Grandson's plate.

At first I was silent, then I remembered my Midwest manners and said, "Takk, mange tusen takk, Trygve," which meant "many thousand thanks." Then

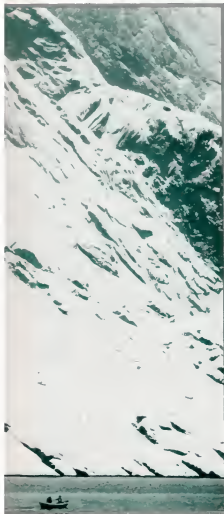
I ate the eyeball of the sheep and thought no more about it. What was good enough for Knute Rockne was good enough for me.

Heimabrennt, the Viking Grandson learned in Narvik, Norway, is what Norwegians call their moonshine. A ship's pilot named Jon, who was driving a cab for a while in Narvik during the town's annual celebration of the railroad being finished to Karuna, told me, "This week people get drunk all week. Mostly on *heimabrennt*. To make *heimabrennt* you take one kilo of yeast, 10 kilos of sugar and 25 liters of water. You let it set for two weeks in gallon jugs, then distill it by burning it hot enough to boil, and, of course, condense the steam. It is 94° alcohol and to drink it without dying you must mix it with something."

Later, a woman with many gold teeth told me that the best way to enjoy *heimabrennt* was to make *kaffee kark*. Her recipe: take a china cup and put a silver kroner piece in the bottom. Pour coffee over the coin until it disappears. Then pour in *heimabrennt* (which is colorless) until

(continued)





the coin is visible again. Add a spoon or two of sugar and you have *laffe kark*. After tasting it, the Viking Grandson told the women that he was surprised she still had the gold in her teeth. Then he declared it was the perfect *aperitif* before dining on *eye of snow*.

Oslo in March was dank and chill and the city snow was turning the color of city soot. The harbor water seemed grimy and the ice cakes floating there were gray. One early evening I walked through the slush of Stuterentunden Park, past the National Theater where *King Lear* was playing in Norwegian, and down the steps to a subway station where I boarded a train bound for Oslo's outskirts. After a little more than half an hour, covering 19 stops and about 12 kilometers, I got off the train at the Voksenkollen stop (not far past the Holmenkollen ski-jump station). There I rented a pair of longsvinn (cross-country) skis and the light, low boots required. The sky was lavender with a star or two showing, and as I put on the skis I could see the lights of Oslo speckled upon the land below. Ahead stretched a wide, white ski track, cut deep in a double row and worn smooth by dozens of skiers. It led into the tall and ancient pine trees; the woods seemed black and thick even though the sky was not yet entirely dark. Along the track, perhaps every 200 feet, were lights—friendly yellow globes mounted on lampposts to illuminate the trail. The Viking Grandson, though new to cross-country techniques, attempted to emulate the sweeping, graceful strides—those seven-league glides across the snow—that he had seen various Olympic skiers use. Of course he fell. He cursed. He broke into a terrible sweat. His skis slipped and would not stay in the ruts. Yet, eventually, it began to make sense as he labored through the woods. At times he glided nicely down the descents, and occasionally he trekked quite steadily, though puffing mightily, up the ascents. The air was so clear it snapped in his nostrils. When he became unbearably thirsty, he simply ate the snow, pure as it

was. The trail lamps made strange shadows and unreal shapes among the trees. Gnomes, trolls, dwarfs, the very ski god Lilli might have watched from there. A good moon turned the snow silvery and luminescent among the black tree-columns. Tiring, I struggled on.

At the end of the trail I was delighted to discover I had traveled just about three miles in just under two hours on this night. I felt exalted, purified, even redeemed, and I boarded the train back to the city slush of Oslo with the heady yeast of accomplishment rising in my soul. When I reached the National Theater station I went to Blom, a fine restaurant across from Stuterentunden Park, and ordered a smorgasbord dish which included six different kinds of herring. I found I could not stop smiling.

Ah, but Abisko, yes, Abisko. There was the truly superlative place for *lappsvensk*. To ski alone into the wastes of the Swedish Arctic—even for a few easy level miles—was to approach some kind of cold, very personal ecstasy. The difference, I decided, between cross-country skiing and the fashion-heavy downhill resort sport that Americans consider the apex of the game is approximately the difference between Thoreau strolling the untrammelled acres of Walden Pond and Johnny Carson marching down Fifth Avenue in an Easter Parade.

Abisko is a national park, with rather rigidly enforced rules that keep it in an unchanging natural state. Although the *Svenska turistföreningen* (Swedish Touring Club) was allowed to build its abrupt brick dormitories, as well as a small ski lift, nearby, it is said that the government will now not allow even the club management to move boulders from its downhill slope for fear of disrupting the ecology, geology or topography of the land. Of course, the Narvik-Kiruna railroad line runs through there, 130 miles above the Arctic Circle, and each day at least one enormous train rumbles past, an endless string of ore cars filled with iron from the mines in Kiruna and bound for the docks and depots of Narvik.

But, full or empty, the ore trains are gone quickly, and as a rule Abisko is a place unreal in its isolation.

The Viking Grandson skied out on one of the Touring Club's well-embedded trails one brilliantly sunny morning. After I had gone for a mile or more, skiing quite smoothly since the terrain was reasonably flat, I paused to take a breath. When my own hoarse pantsing subsided, I was astonished and, being a modern man with a modern man's conditioning, perhaps a trifle uneasy at what I heard.

It seemed to be perfect silence. Perfect. No distant air hammer or horns honking or tires squealing. No mile-high airplanes or echoes of barking dogs, no rustling leaves or whispering grass or chirping crickets. For a moment the quiet was so overwhelming that Abisko seemed a frost-bitten dead spot on the planet. The Viking Grandson poised motionless upon the bright, barren landscape; the stunted trees, the low ice-cream mountain humps, the vast sparkling expanse of snow on Lake Torne Trask; his skis, his very life—all seemed suspended in some unearthly vacuum.

Then, gradually, the real sounds of the land began to seep into his consciousness. There was no wind at all. Somewhere a tree branch croaked in the cold. Something, a bird perhaps, made a gentle sound way off that he heard as ppp-h-u-hh. Then, out of the corner of one eye, he saw a movement. He turned, and far, far across the sparsely treed snow plain he saw some creature running, probably a fox, and the Viking Grandson raised one arm, pointed a finger and shattered the natural mystical silence of the Northland. "Kkkkkhhhh!" he said. "Kkkkkhhhh!"

Among the visitors at Abisko with the Viking Grandson was a contingent of cadets from the Swedish Air Force Academy, an erect and proper bunch who wore uniforms to meals, refused to discuss politics and had brought all manner of survival equipment along for their sojourn in the Arctic. One day the cadets were as-

sembling in the snow outside the dormitory, each dressed in a baggy white anorak windbreaker and pants, with hooded cap and black goggles. On the tundra, they looked like some ungainly military race gathered on another planet. Or perhaps some of the rejects from Odin's crowd at Fahlhäll. But of course I knew they were only boys, teen-agers mostly, who had been taught to make war (admittedly only defensive, given Sweden's neutrality), so I wandered among them and conversed about the beauty of the day. They were about to participate in an unusual recreation—being towed on skis behind a snowcat on a jour-



ney out into the hills and tundra that would cover nearly 12 miles.

To see the land further out, I decided to go along—but inside the snowcat rather than strung out behind on a rope. As I waited among the milling troop, I was startled to hear a male voice behind me say, "Hey, man, you American? That is motherin' groovy." I turned and saw a young man, sharply featured and remarkably fair, his mane of hair shaggy and corn-yellow, his eyes a striking pale blue. He wore a thickly knitted woollen cap, seaman's pea jacket, dungarees, cross-country skiing boots—clearly a young Harald Fine-Hair reincarnated. But, of course, when he spoke, it was plain that he was a child of the American '60s. "I'm

from San Francisco, man," he said. "I blew the country because the motherin' draft board pulled my number. I can't get back in the States no more. I'm a man without a country." He laughed and said he was working at Abisko's little ski lift for a while. "My old lady and our kid—he's 18 months and speaks Swedish like a native—and I are living in a little pad here, a cottage with one room. God, man, it's a fantastic trip up north. Fantastic."

Young Harald Fine-Hair (his real name does not matter) was to ride along in the snowcat. He was going to check the supplies at a shelter used by *langrens* ski-

into college, I took the motherin' business-administration trip—bread was my thing. But then, after a couple of years, man, I didn't dig it anymore. It just didn't make sense, so I dropped out." He was a member of the first really celebrated hippie commune, the Morning Star settlement in northern California—and it was ruined in the wake of blazing publicity. Then he burned around the nation, an early-day Easy Rider, and more than once wound up insulted and summarily arrested by small-town policemen.

Behind the snowcat the queue of Swedish cadets looked imperturbable hanging on the towline. A dwarfed forest of Arctic birch streamed past them. The American Harald said that he had wearied of the hippie transience and he enrolled at San Francisco State College to get his degree in economics. Then came the revolution at S.F. State and the young man did his share of rock-throwing and barricade-charging and bellowing epithets at the police. But he got his degree, then left the U.S.—through Canada—when his draft number came up.

"I'm out of it now, man, long gone. My trip is simplicity. All you straight cses can do anything you want. Hell, I'm no motherin' moralist. But me and my old lady and kid are where we want to be and I've got a little bread of my own. We might head back to the coast of Norway and buy a little farm, on some feed—you can get it cheap. We might stay up here in the Arctic. Man, you ain't made a trip 'til you've lived in this place. Oh, you should see it in the summer, man. This ground is alive with berries and fruit and wildflowers. Hey, and just look out there..."

He waved a mitted hand toward the glistening expanse of the unhabited shores of Lake Abiskojaure and toward the endless sunlighted spaces and toward the perfect transparent blue winter sky. "I dig it," he said softly.

The Viking Grandson wondered: Yes, perhaps it would have been differently put, but really could it have been said more clearly by Snorri Sturluson—or even Thorarin Praise-Tongue? END

PEOPLE

♦ The real **Eddie Arcaro** was present when they unveiled the replica Arcaro at the National Historical Wax Museum in Washington, and professed to be pretty pleased. The silks were fine and the stance was good, he said, although "they got me a little heavy." He even approved of the figure's nose, which, as every racing fan knows, is statueque.

As for that sporty statue shown to the right of the Arcaros, that is no dummy. That happens to be the real **Casey Stengel**. When Stengel's tailor says to stand still, man, Casey stands still.



SPORTING KANSAS: I

If the University of Kansas had just let **George Kimball** stage his Jack Liberation jog-in on the school track, George might be sheriff-elect of Lawrence today. The Yippie-White Panther candidate, running on the Democratic line, had his campaign steaming along with the slogan "Everything for Everybody" (that was his praisable slogan) and, who knows, a rally in sympathy with what has been described as "a loose formation of athletic freaks, former jocks, Women's Lib people and health-food freaks" might have crashed the bid of Republican incumbent **Rea Johnson**. On the other hand, of course, it might not have.

SPORTING KANSAS: II

But the guy who really minds that Kimball lost is a friend who won, the city's new justice of the peace, **Phillip Hill**. Another Yippie-White Panther Democrat, Hill conducted his campaign in such secrecy that his parents didn't know he was running, and the voters didn't know who he was. They do now. The new office permits Hill to perform marriages and to handle lawsuits involving amounts of

less than one dollar. Justice Hill plans to file daily 99¢ suits against a local plant which, he says, "is polluting the whole county." Hill gave his occupation—after the election—is a "dope marketer," and noted that it involves a lot of accounting. What with the accounting, the daily lawsuits and the wear and tear of performing group marriages, Hill is going to be pretty busy, to say nothing of bearing the burdens of office with what is expected to be the minimal support of Lawrence Sheriff **Rea Johnson**.

Washington baseball writers invited **Martha Mitchell** to address their fourth annual banquet in January because "we wanted a cleanup hitter, and there's no one in the Administration who can hit like Martha." In case she misses, however, Martha is bringing **John** along. "Honey," she told a reporter, "the way I've been going I don't dare go anywhere without a lawyer."

"I didn't mind it so much when fire billowed out of an engine," said Orlando Panther Tackle **Wallace Dickey**, "but when the nosewheel wouldn't even touch the runway I figured maybe it was time to get out." The Pan-

thers were ready to take off for a game in Virginia in a borrowed plane, being too strapped at the time to go even tourist on a commercial flight, when an engine burst into flame. Then the stewardess came back to ask the big guys to move up front so they could maybe get that wheel down enough to take off, which is when, as Dickey said, he moved not just up but out. Later he announced he was getting out of the Panthers' organization as well as their airplanes because "all the aggravation about the financial situation has taken the fun out of the game." Right on. Especially if getting there is supposed to be half the fun.

In Puyallup, Wash., **Dan Andrews**, poultry specialist at Washington State's Research and Extension Service, had to advise folks to close their drapes. Seems the local wild birds were getting smashed on fermenting mountain-ash berries and zinging into picture windows.

It's the same old story: The shky ish falling and I must tell the King.

Ready when you are, C.B.:

Here we are at a Russellville, Ky. festival, reconnecting the stick-

up of the old Southern Bank by Jesse James. Out of the bank dashes **John Hite Jr.** with the pretend loot. And up on his horse to wheel and make the getaway. Whereupon the horse slips and stumbles against a parked car, denting the fender. It turns out to be a state police car.

Thanks, John. And, listen, about next year's festival. Don't call us. We'll call you.

Young **Chris Holloway** is built along the lines of Mr. Peepers, but he can get about as nifty as anybody. So when his car collided with another in London, out popped Chris to confront the other driver. "I hit him twice in the face," said Chris, "but it didn't seem to have any effect on him." Then the other driver popped Chris with a short punch, enough to put Holloway into the hospital with a broken jaw. In court former world middleweight champion **Terry Downes** explained that he had hit Chris "with my right, which is my bad side, actually." The decision: Downes was acquitted when experts testified that if he had really wanted to hurt Holloway he would have used his left.

The girls at Creighton U. in Nebraska got together for a football game and Miss **Katie Melken** was voted Best Back. Miss **Pat Shively** was voted Best Front.

"Fish provide me with sport, and I don't see any sense in letting them die," announced one **Nancy Guerra** of Brooklyn. And that's why Nancy brought her entry for a striped derby alive and happy in a water-filled plastic bag. After it had been officially weighed in Nancy took the bass off to release it in Sheephead Bay. As things turned out, the fish, at 27½ pounds, was not a winner anyway. Not of the contest, that is



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With bowls ahead, they're whistling in Dixie

Or else whistling past graveyards in the wild Southeastern Conference as everybody grabs for a New Year's plum. Once-beaten Auburn, LSU and Tennessee bowled along last week, but Ole Miss had a painful victory

These are the days when a man can hardly walk into a press box without stumbling over one of those hand-shaking, backslapping fellows who scout teams for the bowl games. With their chamber of commerce grins and bright blazers (aqua for the Cotton, blue for the Liberty, etc.), they are easily identifiable, and before you can say "Hi" they will plaster an advertisement, usually a small sticker or emblem, on your lapel. Last weekend flocks of them were down South among the cotton and magnolias, dogging four teams, each with only one loss, from the bowl-happy Southeastern Conference.

At the end of one of the more eventful Saturdays the SEC has had in some time, the scouts had seen three cliff-hangers and a rout. Only Auburn won easily, jogging past poor Mississippi State 56-0 in the nightcap of a doubleheader on Birmingham's Legion Field. In the

afternoon Louisiana State tried manfully to lose to Alabama, but finally accepted a 14-9 victory. At Columbia, S.C., Tennessee had an even closer call, needing George Hunt's 31-yard field goal with 15 seconds left to beat South Carolina 20-18. And look what happened in Mississippi's Hemingway Stadium. Ole Miss beat Houston 24-13 before a crowd of 36,535, but the price was dear: Archie Manning's college career was probably brought to a painful, premature finish.

The Rebels were leading 14-7 with 10:16 left in the third quarter when Manning, attempting to pass, was tackled by a Houston linebacker, Charlie Hall, as he released the ball. Manning fell on his left arm and then lay writhing on the AstroTurf. "I don't think I can play, coach," he told Bruiser Kinard, who has been the Rebels' acting head coach since Johnny Vaught was hospitalized last month because of heart trouble. The arm

was wrapped in ice and bandages, and after the game, still in uniform, Archie was taken to the Lafayette County Hospital where X rays revealed a fracture of the left radius, the large bone in the forearm. Surgery was performed Monday in Memphis. The normal recovery period for such an injury is about three months, which means that Manning would miss the Rebels' last three games—against Chattanooga, Mississippi State and LSU. However, doctors indicated Manning might be back by New Year's Day.

Up to the time of his injury, Manning was having one of his best days of an up-and-down year. He was scrambling as well as ever, indicating he had recovered from an early-season groin injury, and he had completed 14 of 26 passes for 188 yards and two touchdowns. Without Archie Ole Miss is about as dangerous as the Confederate Army without Lee. With his status indefinite, the top bowls might be inclined to pass up the Rebels in favor of something more exciting. Something like Auburn, LSU or Tennessee.

All along there have been people who believed the South's most explosive offense and perhaps its No. 1 quarterback belong to Coach Shug Jordan's Auburn Tigers. Auburn had run up basketball scores against almost every team except LSU, which pulled off a 17-9 upset three weeks ago to give Auburn its only loss. But that game was played in a driving rain and, as Auburn Quarterback Pat Sullivan puts it, "LSU has a fine team, but we think it might have been a little, ah, different under other conditions."

In this so-called year of the quarterback, Sullivan has received barely a nod. Word of his deeds does not seem to get much north of Lester or west of Pickensville. He is only a junior, but he leads the nation in total offense and already holds most of Auburn's career passing



AUBURN'S PAT SULLIVAN UNCOCKS THE ARM THAT FIRED THREE TOUCHDOWN PASSES

continued

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records. A sprint-out quarterback of the Manning type, he is dangerous from any point on the field, as evidenced by the fact that he and his favorite receiver, Split End Terry Beasley, another junior, have combined on four touchdown passes of from 62 to 85 yards. Now Auburn followers are sporting flat who? buttons, a spoof on the Manning craze at Ole Miss, and Jordan says, "I wouldn't trade Pat Sullivan for any quarterback in the country." Nor, surely, any receiver for Beasley, who is nowhere in total receptions but averaging 22.8 yards per catch. Said one bowl scout: "He's worth coming to see no matter who wins the game."

Before the Mississippi State game Sullivan noted the presence of the bowl scouts and said, "Hmmm. Maybe we can light up the board for these people." He did, so expertly that he and Beasley played less than a half. In his brief appearance Sullivan ran for 42 yards and one touchdown and completed 14 of 18 passes for 222 yards and three more touchdowns. All but unnoticed in the flashing of scoreboard lights was the fact that two of Auburn's defensive stars, Linebacker Bobby Strickland and End Bob Brown, were injured and probably will miss the Tigers' remaining games with Georgia and Alabama.

"Auburn is a club without a weakness," said Mississippi State's Charley Shira. "You look at a team and you say, 'Every player is good except . . .' But there is no except with Auburn. It's difficult to tell the second team from the first."

The Louisiana State Tiger is of a different stripe. With only one offensive starter back from last season, Coach Charley McClendon's squad produces only modest scores, but LSU wins with that forgotten relic, defense. No team, not even Auburn, has run for a touchdown against LSU, and only Texas A&M, in the season opener, has managed to beat the Tigers with passes. In that game, LSU had an 18-13 lead with only seconds left, but an overeager Tiger defender tried to intercept a desperation Aggie pass instead of simply knocking it down. The ball went over his head and into the hands of an A&M receiver, who ran for the winning touchdown. "That's one I'll never forget," says McClendon. "Those are the kind that make a coach wake up screaming in the night."

Since then the Tigers have used their defense to win six straight games, the most recent—and most satisfying—victory the one Saturday over Alabama. LSU's secondary, led by junior Cornerback Tommy Casanova, surrendered a touchdown to the passing of Scott Hunter, but otherwise all the Tide could manage was a field goal. The defense stopped Alabama's runners with only 79 yards, and it intercepted four passes. The last interception, by Linebacker Louis Cascio, ended an Alabama drive in the closing seconds.

Meanwhile, the LSU offense was showing some signs of improvement. Senior Quarterback Buddy Lee ran the team smoothly, and his backup, sophomore Bert Jones, connected on a 57-yard pass for LSU's longest gain of the afternoon. Running Backs Art Castrelle and Jimmy LeDoux each scored and made some good yardage, but the best running came from a member of the defense, Safety Craig Burns, who set up a touchdown with a 33-yard punt return and a field-goal attempt with an interception return.

"LSU is just real, real tough defensively," said Bear Bryant. "They were much more aggressive in the secondary than we were, and their front whipped ours badly."

"We don't try to outsmart anybody," said LSU's McClendon. "We stick to technique. Above all we try not to give the other team anything. I won't say this was our best defensive game, but it was surely one of our best. I think it about time people started recognizing us. We're a pretty good team."

Perhaps even more than the others, LSU is eager to get into a major bowl. Last season the Tigers had a 9-1 record, best in the SEC, and were kind of willing to play in the Cotton Bowl. Then Notre Dame surfaced, and in the ensuing confusion LSU was left without an invitation to any big bowl. As a matter of pride, the LSU players voted down the Astro-Bluebonnet. They may have a more exciting vote to make this year.

So Charley McClendon is understandably proud of his LSU team, but how about Tennessee's young Bill Battle? Up until Saturday he was making this coaching business look like a snap. Only 28, Battle was Athletic Director Bob Woodruff's personal choice to succeed Doug Dickey when the latter went to Florida. Dickey's departure upset Tennessee fans

enough, but the bile really started flowing when Woodruff named Battle. How could a mere kid go in against Bear and Shug and all those other wise old SEC coaches?

Easy. Tennessee won six of its first seven, and the Volunteers even gave Auburn a time of it before losing 36-23. Battle, bless his irreverent heart, has a stock answer for those who ask foolish questions, like how does it feel to be so young? "I don't know," says Battle. "I've never been any older."

Battle probably aged a bit on Saturday. The Vols nursed a 10-3 lead through the first three quarters, but suddenly Quarterback Tommy Suggs got South Carolina moving. Suggs, who has been the recipient of boos and hate mail for his play this season, led the Gamecocks 80 yards for a touchdown, a two-point conversion and an 11-10 lead. The score came with 6:55 left to play. Then, after Tennessee went ahead on Quarterback Bobby Scott's 20-yard pass to Fullback Curt Watson, Suggs hit Flanker Jimmy Mitchell for 61 yards and an 18-17 lead with 4:56 to play.

With Scott injured and on the sidelines, the Vols' backup quarterback, Dennis Chadwick, came in and moved the team to the Carolina 14 with 23 seconds left. Both teams were out of timeouts, but Tennessee rushed in Hunt to kick the winning field goal with time running out. Battle, who once coached under South Carolina's Paul Dietzel, allowed himself some youthful enthusiasm after the game.

"Regardless of whether you play well or not," he said, "you show class when you come from behind."

The Vols have perhaps the best-balanced team in the conference. They have a capable passer in Scott, the blond quarterback who looks like Glen Campbell. He had hit on 21 of 38 passes in Tennessee's 38-7 rout of Florida. And in Watson, the 217-pound junior fullback, the Vols have a powerful runner. Their defense is sound, too, especially the secondary. Led by Safeties Tim Priest and Bobby Majors, it picked up 23 interceptions in the first six games.

But the catalyst has been Battle, who let it be known early that, despite his age, he was not going to be just one of the boys. Says Chip Kell, a senior guard, "He made it clear that football here was going to be played his way or not at all. I got the message, and now

continued

I'm playing harder than I ever did."

So there they are, four fine Old South teams all prettied up and looking for some place to go on New Year's Day. None of them can officially accept a bowl invitation until Nov. 21. That will be some day in Dixie.

THE WEEK

by SANDY TREADWELL

MIDWEST

1. NOTRE DAME (7-0)
2. OHIO STATE (7-0)
3. NEBRASKA (8-0-1)

Last Saturday morning in Des Moines a football fan was in the wrong town but celebrating nonetheless. He was a Nebraska rooster, dressed in a red jacket and cowboy hat, and he staggered along a deserted city street yelling, "Go Big Red." If he felt lonely and confused it was because his team was 30 miles to the north, in Ames, preparing to play Iowa State.

Seven thousand Cornhusker followers did manage to get to Ames and help swell attendance at Clyde Williams Field to record size (36,500). Nebraska's three powerful backs, Joe Orndun, Jeff Kinney and Dan Schneis, ran for 277 yards and scored five touchdowns, and Quarterback Jerry Tagge, replacing injured Van Brownson, threw two TD passes as the Cornhuskers defeated the Cyclones 54-29. A good many Husker fans came with oranges in order to make their bowl preference apparent, and threw the fruit onto the field in full view of scouts who represented, alas, the Sugar and Cotton Bowls. Iowa State students countered by tossing apples, bananas and tomatoes into the Nebraska rooting section. After the game Nebraska Coach Bob Devaney was concerned that his team might also be pondering the bowls. "What they better be thinking about is Kansas State next week," he said.

Meanwhile in Manhattan, Kans. Vince Gibson's Kansas State Wildcats won their sixth game of the year—and fourth in a row—beating Oklahoma State 28-15. "We made enough mistakes to lose, but our kids just won't quit fighting," said Gibson. The mistakes were two fumbled punts. Kansas State Quarterback Lynn Dickey, fully recovered from his early-season rib injury, passed for 189 yards against the Cowboys, but while showering after the game he rup-

tured a blood vessel in his right knee.

Those Orange Bowl scouts who were absent from Ames spent Saturday in South Bend observing Notre Dame's powerful offense at work. They also saw the legend of Joe Theismann reach new proportions as the Irish quarterback piled up 381 yards passing and running in a 46-14 victory over Pittsburgh. Although he did not become a starter until the seventh game of his sophomore season, Theismann now has 4,741 career yards in 21 games—three more than Terry Hanratty amassed in 27 games. Stat-happy Notre Dame also keeps track of something called total performance, a category that includes punt and kickoff returns and pass receptions. Counting Theismann's predelivery yardage as a sophomore punt-return specialist—punt-return specialist?—and the 13-yard touchdown pass he caught against USC that same year—pass receiver?—Joe has now surpassed George Gipp as the all-time Irish performer.

At Madison, Ohio State was a touch sluggish while defeating Wisconsin 24-7. Rex Kern started but was soon alternating with his sub, Ron Maciejowski, who had also guided the Buckeyes against Wisconsin in 1968 and '69, when Kern was ailing. OSU had a narrow 3-0 lead when Ron trotted out, but he promptly threw a long pass to set up a Buckeye touchdown. In the third quarter he did it again. But Ron also threw four interceptions, which made the Buckeye victory an uneasy one. Was the team looking ahead to Michigan? Coach Woody Hayes said, "No, I don't think they did that at all. A fellow who keeps his fist clinched all year can't hit a lick."

Mike Adamle, the Big Ten rushing leader, scored four touchdowns to rally Northwestern to a 28-14 win over Minnesota. The Wildcats now have a 4-1 conference record and—of all things—a sniff of the Rose Bowl. If Michigan beats Ohio and if Northwestern beats Indiana and Michigan State, then it's probably the Wildcats in Pasadena.

Toledo won its 20th in a row, defeating Northern Illinois 45-7.

SOUTH

1. LSU (6-1)
2. AUBURN (7-1)
3. TENNESSEE (7-1)

While the embattled SEC waged war with itself, Louisville last week fought for at least a share of the Missouri Valley crown (which it won) and a new stadium (which it lost). Underdogs by two touchdowns, the Cardinals gave their coach of two years, Lee Corso, a berth in the Pasadena Bowl with a 40-27 defeat of Memphis State. Election

results were less rewarding. Voters failed to pass a bond issue that included a new stadium, apparently feeling that the present one is sufficient, even though half the seats are in the end zone.

Still uncomfortable, too, no doubt, are the MVC coaches, whose preseason poll packed Louisville to finish last in the conference. Apparently they hadn't figured on sophomore Quarterback John Madeja: he ran and passed for three touchdowns. And certainly they couldn't have guessed how valuable Kicker Scott Marcus (SI, Nov. 9) would be. He sent two punts out of bounds inside the 10-yard line in the second half. Barefoot. He did not do as well in the first half, maybe because he was wearing shoes.

Tulane's 31-16 victory over Miami gave the Green Wave its sixth win and its best season in 14 years. North Carolina, with Don McCauley getting two quick touchdowns, romped over VMI 62-13 for the Tar Heels' highest point total since 1928. McCauley has 14 touchdowns this season, surpassing the previous record of 12 held by Jimmy Ward and Charlie (Choo Choo) Justice.

Wake Forest dropped Duke 28-14 and joined the Blue Devils as ACC co-leaders.

EAST

1. DARTMOUTH (7-0)
2. SYRACUSE (5-3)
3. PENN STATE (5-3)

Say this for the Syracuse Drangemen: their winning streak is a gaudy five games. Never mind that they had sort of a squeaker against Army, a team everybody beats. Both sides were in an especially emotional frame of mind when they came out on the field at West Point—Syracuse because every potential win has a dreamlike quality in this troubled season, Army because the Cadets are tired of being pushed around. Against Syracuse, Army did not push back quite hard enough. Just 19 seconds remained when the Cadets pulled to within two points, 31-29, on a 21-yard Dick Atha-to-Joe Albano pass and a two-point conversion. Then fights broke out at midfield. Army Coach Tom Cahill went out to try MP duty—and returned to the sideline with a bloody mouth. "I think I must have been punched," he said perceptively.

Things were quite a bit cooler at Hanover, N.H., where the nationally ranked Ivy seniors of Dartmouth shut out Columbia 55-0. Never before in Ivy history had there been that big a victory margin. The Indians are determined to have an undefeated season, and they keep thinking about how they had one going last year until Princeton tugged them on the last day, 35-7. Coming up next

for Dartmouth is Cornell, which features the nation's leading rusher, Ed Marinaro.

Penn, meanwhile, was as flat as its homecoming festivities as Yale won 32-22. "We had a pep rally in the ice-skating rink, and hardly anybody showed up," grumbled Jim Fiddy, the Quaker captain. Maybe the homecoming loss is getting to be a Penn tradition; the school is 2-16-1 since 1952.

Harvard, helped along by three fumble recoveries and five interceptions, upset Princeton 29-7, and Penn State looked like the Nittany Lions of old in a 34-0 rout of Maryland.

WEST

1. STANFORD (8-1)
2. ARIZONA STATE (7-0)
3. AIR FORCE (8-1)

Through the season Oregon Tailback Bobby Moore had proved the Ducks with virtually all their ground power. But when the team reported for practice in Eugene last Monday, Moore was absent. On Tuesday he skipped practice again. That night he was arrested in Portland and charged by police with entering a car with intent to steal. The next day Oregon Coach Jerry Frei suspended Moore for a week, saying this was based on the missed practices, not the police charge. Thus Moore would not be able to play against undefeated Air Force and Oregon's offense would be limited to the forward pass. But it was not Moore's absence that caused the Ducks to attempt 43 passes during the game. "Scouting Air Force," Frei said, "we saw we could throw on them. Even if Bobby had been in there, I think we still would have thrown as much."

Score one for scouting: Oregon Quarterback Dan Fouts, a sophomore, completed 28 passes for 396 yards as the Ducks upset the unbeaten Falcons 46-35. Fouts threw four touchdown passes and a two-point conversion, and Oregon's defense, gradually adjusting to Ernie Jennings, the Falcons' superstar receiver, shut out Air Force in the last quarter. "We tried about five million different defenses against Fouts," Falcon Coach Ben Martin said. "You saw how much luck we had, it wouldn't have mattered if we'd had Herb Adderley out there. We play Stanford next, and when Jim Plunkett has about this he'll kill his chops."

Plunkett had his chops full this week. It had looked as though he and Washington's Sonny Stikiller might not face one another. Stikiller, said to be named after a Cherokee ancestor who killed six men, came down with the flu and was declared a doubtful starter. Meanwhile, John Hall, a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, wrote

that Plunkett had a sore arm and that Stanford was keeping this a secret because of his Heisman candidacy. "I'll prove I'm healthy," Plunkett told a teammate. "I'm going to throw a few long ones today."

It's a good thing he did, because the Huskies put up a stiff fight. Washington's Jim Kneig returned the opening kickoff 95 yards for a touchdown, after which Plunkett threw three first-quarter touchdown passes. Then it was Stikiller's turn. The sophomore, flu and all, entered the game at the end of the first quarter and immediately moved the Huskies 77 yards, completing the drive with a nine yard scoring toss to Tight End John Brady. Following a recovered fumble in the third quarter, Stikiller confused Stanford by running an option play into the end zone. And when he passed for a two point conversion, the Huskies led again, 22-21. But then Plunkett zipped a 15-yard bullet to Randy Vataha for a touchdown and a 29-22 win that clinched the Rose Bowl berth for Stanford. Plunkett's 268 yards passing increased his career total to 7,082, breaking by six yards the NCAA record held by Steve Ramsey of North Texas State.

Although Arizona State fumbled the ball 11 times, a school frustration record, it didn't really matter as the Sun Devils ran 374 yards and blistered San Jose State 46-10. The Sun Devil defense, which had allowed 94 rushing yards per game previously, held San Jose to one lonely yard on the ground.

Southern California, which managed to score only two touchdowns in its last two games, scored 10 against staggering Washington State in a 70-33 slaughter. After a calm, civilized, fatherly word of advice from Coach Dee Andros—"Take that ball and shove it right down their throats"—Oregon State upset California 16-10.

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (8-0)
2. ARKANSAS (8-1)
3. TEXAS TECH (7-2)

A year ago Baylor was embarrassed by the Texas Longhorns 56-14, although Orrell Royal began substituting for his starters before halftime. "I never felt as low in my life," Baylor Coach Bill Beall said last week. "I think all of us made a promise then that nothing like that would happen again if hard work could make it different." This year was different. Beall's defensive unit, convinced that it could contain the Texas Wishbone attack, stayed out an extra hour after Wednesday's practice to polish some new maneuvers.

For a while on Saturday in Waco it appeared that the Bears were in for it again.

Texas scored three touchdowns in the second quarter on drives of 15, 27 and 78 yards. At the half the Longhorns held a 21-7 lead, and the Wishbone looked as powerful as ever. But in the second half the most devastating ground attack in college football history was just about stopped. The Longhorns managed only 84 yards and four first downs, and never crossed the Baylor 30-yard line. With more than eight minutes left to play, Linebacker David Jones blocked a Longhorn punt and Ray Penn, another

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE LINEBACKER: Linebacker David Jones of Baylor blocked a Texas punt and was in on 17 tackles—10 solo. They lost 21-14, but Jones and the Bears held the Longhorns' vaunted attack to meager yardage in the second half.

THE BACK: Mike Adams, Northwestern's 5' 9", 195-pound fullback, rushed for 392 yards and plunged for four touchdowns as the Wildcats came from 14 points back to beat Minnesota 28-14 for their fourth Big Ten victory.

Bear linebackers, gathered up the ball and scrambled 27 yards for a score. Behind only 21-14 now, Baylor had plenty of time in which to catch up, but Texas stuffed and there was no more scoring. Shaken, but with their 27th straight victory in hand, the Longhorns returned thankfully to Austin. Said Steve Worster, who scored twice, "We were lucky to win."

In Arkansas, fans and players seemed to be more concerned with the recuperative powers of a patient in a Dallas hospital than the Razorbacks' game with Rice. Bill Burnett, the team's best ballcarrier, underwent surgery for a separated shoulder on Monday, and the big worry was whether he would be able to play against Texas on Dec. 7. Ah, yes, Rice. The Owls had a 14-3 lead at halftime, but then Arkansas resumed playing 'em one at a time. After the intermission the Razorbacks scored on five straight possessions and ultimately allowed Rice just two first downs. Final score, 38-14. Coach Frank Broyles told his team, "I wasn't ready to play on Friday and you weren't ready to play on Friday. We weren't even ready to play on Saturday. I promise you this won't happen again. But wasn't that a heck of a back nine?"

Doug McCutchen ran straight at the center of the Texas Christian line for 204 yards—two yards short of a school record set in 1942—as Texas Tech defeated TCU 22-14.

The halfback wasn't quite satisfied. "I still need to improve my running," he said. "I haven't been able to break the big play."

END

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This tigress burned very bright

During my long and happy bridge career, I have had the good fortune to play as the partner of some of the world's greatest players. Two of them were women, and when my wins are finally totted up, these two ladies no doubt will figure in a majority of them. One, of course, was the late Helen Sobel Smith (SI, Sept. 22, 1969). The other, whose name is less well known to players nowadays, was Mrs. R. C. (Sally) Young of Philadelphia. Her death earlier this year was mourned by all of us oldtimers who knew her as both a fearsome opponent and a wonderful partner—a combination that eludes most players, the men because they are too tough and the women because they are too soft.

Sally was a tiny, slender tigress (I doubt that her playing weight ever hit three figures). But she built a smattering of knowledge, a flair for the game and a fierce will to win into the epitome of everything that is needed for bridge excellence. It may astonish modern-day players to learn that Sally won no fewer than 26 national championships, a record equaled by only a handful of men. Between 1937 and 1958 she won the National Women's Team championship seven times and finished second on three other occasions. But the victory of which she was most likely proudest was the one scored in the 1947 National Board-a-Match Team event, when she was a member of the only all-woman group ever to capture one of the three major open-team championships.

The hand shown on the following page is one I remember best, however; I was Sally's partner and all I had to do was put down the dummy and admire her execution—both of the play and of our opponents.

continued

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Sally's three-heart rebid was an excellent choice. It was better than a reopening double, since she had no interest in a possible diamond response, and better than showing her four-card club suit before rehidding her six-card heart suit. Her bid enabled me to raise to game with minimal values, most of which, it turned out, were of little help in enabling her to score 10 tricks.

Sally did her best to steal a trick by winning the first spade and immediately leading up to the king of diamonds, but East had the ace. He won, cashed the jack of spades and returned the 2 of clubs. The jack of clubs lost to the king and West exited with a diamond, dummy's 10 forcing East's queen. Sally ruffed, cashed the ace of clubs, trumped a club in dummy and discarded her last club on the jack of diamonds.

Now all she had to do was pick up the missing king of trumps. She led the jack of hearts from dummy, but when East played the 5, a delicate false-card, Sally stopped to do some hard thinking

Neither side vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH			
♠	10 9 6 3		
♥	2 5 6		
♦	K J 10 6		
♣	7 4		

WEST			
♠	K Q 8 4 2		
♥	K		
♦	8 6 3 2		
♣	K 6 3		

SOUTH			
♠	A 7		
♥	A Q 10 7 4 3		
♦	9		
♣	A J 10 9		

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♥	1 ♠	PASS	PASS
2 ♥	PASS	4 ♥	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: king of spades

before taking the "automatic" finesse. West's distribution was nearly an open book—he was known to have started with five spades, the three clubs he had already played and, judging by the man-

ner in which he had played his diamonds, four cards in that suit, which left only a singleton heart. If this were indeed the case, then East was a strong mathematical favorite to hold the king among his three hearts.

But there was a more significant clue, and in making use of it Sally followed the famed reasoning of Sherlock Holmes in the tale of the dog that did not bark in the night. East had already shown up with the jack of spades and the ace-queen of diamonds, and he appeared to have the queen of clubs, since his earlier lead of the 2 would normally tend to show an honor in the suit. If East had also held the guarded king of hearts, he would surely have taken some action—such as bidding one no trump—after his partner's one-spade overall. Since he had remained silent, Sally deduced that he could not possibly hold the king of hearts. So she pounced with the ace and West's king fell prey.

I'll miss Sally Young. So will all of the world of bridge. **END**

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No starboard hatch cover and no port engine (the mechanic is down there fixing it), but this boat is bobbing toward victory with . . .

Magoon on the bounding main

When last we left Dr. Bob Magoon, the young Florida eye surgeon was the national outboard ocean racing champion. He also was restless, full of vague yearnings. Could he find true happiness and new thrills racing the big inboards? Now, as we join him again, he is bobbing crazily along, six miles off Key West. He is driving a powerful 35-foot twin-engine inboard, so new that it has barely got its bottom wet. One hatch cover is gone. One engine is dead. Below deck the mechanic is fooling with faulty wiring, trying to make it run again. The boat is making maybe 30 mph and a rival is closing fast. At maybe 80. Is Young Dr. Magoon happy? Are ocean racers crazy?

This is the way it was last week at a bash called the Hennessy Key West Race, the decisive event of the season for the madcap Union of International Motorboating. The idea was to dash 162 nautical miles to the Dry Tortugas and back, all of it through angry water. Twenty boats answered the call to race, only 12 made the finish line and the spin of open sea between was sown with crip-

ples, strays, a fire-gutted hulk and a ton of fillings shaken out of teeth.

Which is routine, but this was more than just the usual ocean race. There were all these little subplots. On the night before the race there was the traditional party, highlighted by the traditional life-fight over a woman. That was customary. But wait. One of the race entries was that eminent British sportsman, Tommy Sopwith, whose dad won World War I fame by building a fighter plane called the Sopwith Camel. Another was the lanky Italian, Vincenzo Balestreri, aboard the boat he calls the *Black Torpedo*. There was what can best be called tension between them.

Sopwith had won the Miami-Nassau race last month, first having thoughtfully attached superchargers to the 475-horsepower engines of his Avenger, *Double-O-Seven*. Balestreri had finished second, and there was a protest over the superchargers. The race promoter tossed out Sopwith's victory, moving the Italian up and thus putting the two in a virtual tie for the season's championship. The Key West race would decide it all.

At the start the two eyed each other with frosty glares.

Then there was the fact that another of the entries was the crusty old Carl Kiekhaefer, longtime race-winning president of Kiekhaefer Mercury (marine engines) until his retirement a year ago. It turns out he had not retired at all, but had submerged into the boating world and was now popping up with his own new firm, Kiekhaefer Aero Marine, and his own new boat. It was a 35' 10", low-profile monster designed and built by racing champion Don Aronow and outfitted with Kiekhaefer's engines, each 475 horsepower and each purely sock, since Kiekhaefer has this thing about not souping up engines.

"Reliability rather than pure speed is the thing," the old man said. "It's a case of the tortoise and the hare." He avoided the obvious and named the boat *Aeromarine I*, also painting a commercial K A M. I on the side. And he signed young Dr. Magoon to drive it.

Away they raced, streaking past the throng of spectators at Mallory Square, out into the Straits of Florida and toward the first checkpoint 8.5 miles off. Sprinting into the lead were Sopwith's *Double-O-Seven* and Balestreri's *Black Torpedo*, both hammering along at some 70 mph from wave to wave. But then, as they say in ocean racing, along came Magoon. At the first checkpoint he was out in front, zinging along with Mechanic Gene Lanham and Navigator Tom Otto, who was pointing the way with what looked like sharp karate punches at the air.

Aeromarine lost the lead to an old warship called *Mama Marston* near checkpoint two, then regained it on the loop through the Dry Tortugas. And now the big drama was a-stern.

Oh Rebecca Shonks, Sopwith's *Double-O-Seven* suddenly erupted into flames and a black plume of smoke painted the sky. Life-jacketed captain and crew hailed out to hoh helplessly in the water. At least one racer churned past the three men without stopping to help. But not Balestreri.

The Italian whipped alongside, stopped and picked up the Sopwith crew while the race went on around them. "Bad, very much lire," Balestreri said later. "You understand—those men maybe 100, maybe 50 feet from the boat. If she explode . . ." He waved his hands in true Italian fashion and looked heavy-

emward. The rescuers took Sopwith and aides to the nearest checkhoat.

"Sopwith told me to go on," said Balestreri. The Italian did, and finished fifth. Not far away, the *Double-O-Sevee* burned to the waterline and sank—aluminum hull, supercharged engines and all.

Meanwhile, back aboard the *Aeromarine*, young Dr. Magoon was building his lead by leaps and bounds from wavetop to wavetop. Close chaser Bill Wishnick and his *Boss O'Nova* had stopped to change a prop and it began to look like a breeze for Magoon. Well, there was the small matter of the starboard engine hatch that had bounced away when nobody was looking. But the Kickhafer engines were screaming their line, stock sound as Magoon rounded the final checkhoat with just six miles to go.

And that is when the wiring failed. And the port engine shut off. And the mechanic climbed below to try and fix it. And when Bill Wishnick began closing again from behind at high speed. But he just didn't have enough ocean left to catch the leader.

Young Dr. Magoon sat up on the padded cockpit, steering easily, occasionally waving to a passing helicopter, and examining his surgeon's fingernails. It was in that stance that he crossed the finish line first, three hours and 17 minutes after he had left Key West. The *Boss O'Nova* was eight minutes behind.

The \$2,500 first-place prize is not that important—most ocean racers spill that much at the postrace parties. It was winning that counted. And everybody seemed to have won.

Sopwith won, in effect, despite losing his boat. The fact that superchargers were O.K. for the Key West race indicated that his Miami-Nassau race also might now be accepted and he would emerge as the new world ocean-racing champion. Balestreri won, of course, because in stopping in stage a dramatic midrace rescue he became the toast of the racing world and the darling of two continents. Old Kickhafer won in his first time hack and first time out with his new firm. The American drivers won some glory, too, finishing first and second against the best foreign drivers in the world.

And what of Dr. Magoon, outboard champ, and now a winning inboard racer? Did Young Dr. Magoon find true happiness? Tune in next race.

END

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GOODYEAR

The night Carlos made a no-no out of Ni-no

Who is this Carlos Monzón? Does he really deserve to be in the same ring with that handsome hero, Nino Benvenuti? For pizza's sake, can anyone beat Nino in Rome? Italian fans got all the answers last Saturday

It couldn't have been sadder in Mudville after mighty Casey had struck out. The old familiar chant of "Ni-no, Ni-no" was stilled as fans cleared a path for their beaten hero on the march back to his dressing room. There was some restrained applause, and here and there someone cheerfully called out, "You'll beat him next time, Nino." But it was whistling in the dark. Nino Benvenuti, the greatest of Italian boxing champions, had just taken the licking of his life. Behind him in the ring, Argentine fans were whooping it up and hoisting on their shoulders the new middleweight

champion of the world, Carlos Monzón. Mighty Nino had been knocked out in the 12th round.

Twelve thousand fans paying nearly \$120,000 had packed Rome's Palazzo Dello Sport Saturday night to see their champion put his title on the line for the fifth time. They suspected that Nino faced a tough challenger in Monzón, unbeaten in his last 60 fights and rated No. 1 contender for the title. After all, the South American was taller, had a three-inch reach advantage and was four years younger than the champion from Trieste. Yet Italians could not believe

Monzón was in a class with their Nino, who had easily polished off four consecutive challengers after winning the title, for the second time, from Emile Griffith in New York in 1968. Benvenuti might look bad against a Doyle Baird in faraway Akron, Ohio, or against a Tom Bethea in Australia, but he was always at his best when the title was on the line. And when fighting in Rome, Nino was invincible. In 31 fights in Italy's capital, he had won 31 times. He entered the ring a 2-to-1 favorite.

But after one minute and 50 seconds of the 12th round, Nino was on the



AFTER HANGING ON INTO THE 12TH ROUND, BENVENUTI COLLAPSES AND IS COUNTED OUT AS MONZÓN CELEBRATES HIS CONQUEST

floor, kneeling, his forehead touching the mat. He managed to get to his feet by the count of nine but fell helplessly against the ropes while German Referee Rudolf Drust threw both hands into the air to signal it was all over.

For Italians, it hurt all the more because there really were no excuses. They couldn't call it a lucky punch, or bad breaks. From start to finish, the Argentine took the play away from the champ. Italians had been told he was a slow, somewhat clumsy fighter whose only weapon was his powerful right, but from the beginning he outboxed as well as outpunched Benvenuti. They had heard he didn't have a left hand either, but Saturday night he showed he had one and that he knew how to use it. He pumped a long left jab time after time into Nino's face and hammered savage left hooks to the body. Confronted with the Argentine's onslaught, Benvenuti appeared bewildered, sometimes fighting as if in a trance. Always bothered by taller fighters, Nino had trouble reaching his man. He never was able to take command. The lefts that had made life miserable for Griffith and Don Fullmer and Beibea could not find Monzon.

Italians could hardly be blamed for knowing so little about Monzon. The same applies to boxing fans anywhere but Argentina, where he has had nearly all of his 81 bouts (69 victories, nine draws, three defeats). Over the past few years, he has beaten six U.S. fighters, all of them relatively unknown except for Beibea, whom he outpointed in 10 rounds. All of the bouts were held in Buenos Aires.

Though he has scored 44 knockouts, Monzon is not able to slug away with impunity, because he often hurts his hands. Before recent bouts in Argentina, he has had them injected with novocain to deaden the pain, and there is conflicting testimony about whether this was done last week in Rome. (In the U.S. the practice would not be sanctioned, but it has occurred when doctors and rival seconds were looking the other way.) Monzon took another precaution before meeting Benvenuti—he turned his back on the Trevi Fountain and tossed a coin into it over his shoulder.

In the very first round Monzon alerted Italians to the fact that, as he put it, he had not come to Rome "just for sight-seeing." Benvenuti tried a few long lefts and was met by sharp counters, two o

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STANLEY

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left hooks to the jaw surrounding a right to the neck. As the bell rang, the referee warned Monzón against holding and hitting.

By round three Nino began to show signs of strain. He was flustered by the Argentine's style and startled by his roughness in the clinches. Toward the end of the third, Nino blew his stack. Monzón clobbered him on the neck in a clinch and the outraged Benvenuti complained loudly to the referee. If it brought him no relief from Monzón, whose jabs kept him confused and at bay, it did stimulate the crowd, and the "Ni-no, Ni-no" chants picked up in volume. Perhaps as a result, Benvenuti seemed to gain strength in the fifth. Though he was butted several times in the chest and banged under the chin by Monzón's shoulder in the clinches, he managed to duck a few jabs and hooks and land some of his own. But the hopes of Italians died in the next two rounds.

Monzón was being continually booed for botching and roughing, and fans threw

paper cups into the ring in protest, but the South American caught Benvenuti repeatedly with hard rights and, in the seventh, hammered him into the ropes. Nino was saved by the bell.

Desperate and clearly facing defeat, Benvenuti somehow rallied and held his own for a spell—or perhaps Monzón was confidently biding his time. Nino connected with an elbow in the eighth, and that brought a complaint from Monzón, but the action was fairly even until the champion simply ran out of gas. By the 11th his punches were more like pushes, and he was trying to hold and clinch until the end. "Ni-no, Ni-no" faded away.

Benvenuti came out for the 12th and actually hit Monzón on the jaw with a left hook, but Monzón did not bat an eye. He herded Nino into his own corner, drove a clean uppercut to the point of the chin and the idol of Italians went down. There was dead silence in his corner. Benvenuti's wife, Giuliana, who hadn't stopped screaming from the

sound of the first bell, stood mute, looking at her beaten husband. They led the stunned champion away from the ropes and back to his stool, but he was so groggy he had to stay there several minutes before he could walk down the aisle to his dressing room. When he got there he gave orders that no one be allowed to come in. Even Giuliana waited outside. She had her own explanation for her husband's defeat. For 20 days before the fight, Nino had remained secluded, almost out of touch with the world. "What do you expect?" said Giuliana. "Keeping him for such a long time so far from everyone! Twenty days without seeing anybody. He was forbidden to see his friends, to have their talks, their comfort, their encouragement. It was all a big mistake."

Perhaps it was a mistake and, true enough, Benvenuti has looked bad before, only to handle his conquerors easily in return matches. But last Saturday night he seemed to be a man past his prime.

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If you kill Arizona's rarest bird, please report at once

The masked bobwhite, almost extinct, has been reestablished in a conservation program that even risks having the birds shot by hunters

Sometime this fall a hunter in that rocky wild corner of Arizona south of Tucson may bring down the rarest game bird in the country—a masked bobwhite quail. The shot will be perfectly legal, for there is no law protecting the masked bob. No law has been needed; the bird has been extinct in Arizona for some 70 years, the last authenticated specimen having been shot near the town of Calabasas (pop. 27) in 1897.

Yet this fall a hunter may very well knock one down, and if he does—and turns in the head on the bird's leg—he will not be criticized by the experts in the Rare and Endangered Species unit of the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife of the U.S. Department of the Interior, a body ordinarily sparing in its praise of people who shoot rare birds.

The masked bobwhite is an exceptional fowl in many respects. Arizona's most famous bird, it is a rust-breasted, black-faced little quail, *Colinus virginianus ridgwayi*, renowned for its handsome colors and for the extraordinary fact that it disappeared almost as soon as it was discovered. Never common, the bird had a very limited range. It was found only in northern Sonora in Mexico and the southern part of central Arizona, roughly between the Baboquivan Mountains on the west and the Huachuca range on the east, perhaps a hundred miles east and west and 40 or 50 miles north of the Mexican border. The masked bobwhite lived in expanses of tall grass, and while its existence was known from the earliest settlement days, it was not until 1884 that specimens were collected and classified by ornithologists. Only 14 years after it was first described, the

masked bobwhite was extinct in the U.S.

Hunters may have killed some, but the human ability to alter an environment, not human predation, caused the extermination of the bird. Between 1870 and 1890 the long-horned cattle population of Arizona increased from 5,000 to a million. Among other consequences of overgrazing, the short-grass prairies of southern Arizona were devastated. The insulating, water-conserving grass was stripped away, exposing the thin soil to the sun, drought and erosion and converting thousands of acres into mesquite and burrobrush scrubland. Cattle died by the thousands for lack of forage and water, ranchers went broke by the hundreds for lack of cattle and, down toward the bottom of the list of casualties—if you are inclined to think of such things in terms of size—was the masked bobwhite, which depended on the grass for food, cover and nesting materials.

The way the masked bobwhite died off almost instantly, and the fact that very few men had actually seen the bird, made this Arizona race of quail precisely what early students of the area's birdlife called it: almost mythical. Occasional reports came that specimens lived in grassy pockets of the mountains, but they were unconfirmed, and authorities generally agreed that the bird was gone from Arizona forever. In 1938 a Southwestern ornithologist, J. Stokely Ligon, found coveys of the bird in Mexico and trapped a few. On a second trip in 1949 he trapped more live birds and had moderate success in breeding them in pens on his New Mexico ranch. Shortly before his death in 1961 Ligon gave

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NATURE

four pairs to Seymour and Jim Levy, businessmen and gentleman naturalists of Tucson with a passionate interest in Southwestern wildlife problems. The possibility of restocking the bird on suitable grasslands was discussed at the time. A definitive work, *The Birds of Arizona*, published by the University of Arizona in 1964, expressed skepticism, saying: "There is no ungrazed grassland within the former range in Arizona" and warning of a waste of funds "in vain attempts to introduce the masked bobwhite in high grasslands where it never thrived. Ours is not the hardy old New England bobwhite."

But the Levy brothers, who rediscovered several flocks in Mexico, began badgering wildlife authorities to do something about the bird before it was too late. The Rare and Endangered Species unit—concerned with basic research on 92 birds and mammals that are either rare or in danger of extinction—was established in 1966, and the following year the masked bobwhite was included in the first group upon which the agency would focus its research.

The Levys sent four pairs of their captive birds to the Rare and Endangered Species laboratory in Laurel, Md. A young, energetic research biologist, Roy Tomlinson, was assigned to the birds and has remained—federally speaking—as their official guardian, student and spokesman. Tomlinson found that only two colonies of masked bobwhite were known to survive in Mexico. The last large flock, which may number as many as 1,000, is in a colony on a duchy-sized Sonora cattle empire owned by one of Mexico's most influential ranching families. According to Tomlinson, the conservation-oriented management of the ranch is the chief reason why enough prairie habitat remains to support a large flock of the birds. "If conditions stay as they are in their Mexican range," Tomlinson says, "these survivors are in pretty good shape. But anything might happen to alter the habitat and their status. The birds can't be considered out of danger until they are firmly established in several sections of their historic territory."

In the Maryland laboratory physiologists, nutritionists and ornithologists pondered the problems of propagating the birds and returning their chicks to the wild. In general, scientists feel that

the release of captive-bred creatures is one of the most promising techniques for improving the survival chances of a variety of endangered species. It is a method both for increasing the numbers and widening the distribution of hard-pressed feral populations. If captive transplants can be induced to take up residence in places where their kind once lived, the newly occupied territories will give the species a valuable hedge against natural or man-made disaster; in short, a new application of the adage about not putting all your quail or whooping crane eggs in one basket.

Two years ago Tomlinson trapped 36 wild hobs in a Mexican study area, and these have produced more than 300 chicks at the Rare and Endangered Species laboratory. Among these chicks were 150 birds hatched last summer and released in Arizona in March of this year. Raised together in artificially simulated covey groups, the birds were put out on two isolated tracts, selected because of their resemblance to the region in Mexico where the wild birds still live.



AS THE GRASSLANDS DISAPPEARED,

They were released in nine coveys in areas that were fenced and posted. Since then Tomlinson and Arizona state game men have intentionally avoided scrutinizing the area too often or too thoroughly, not wanting to harass the birds by over-observation. Three weeks after they were freed Tomlinson flushed one covey near where they had been turned out. He later kicked up five or six birds at another location. Ranch hands also claimed to have seen some, but the sightings were infrequent.

Two months then passed in which none was reported. This explains the willingness of the Rare and Endangered Species unit to permit hunting of Arizona's rarest bird when the quail season opened on Oct. 1 (except, of course, within the original fenced and posted release areas). The decision not to give the masked bobwhite protection from hunters disturbed some fiercely protectionist, antihunting conservationists, but it makes a good deal of practical sense.

"We reasoned that it would take a very knowledgeable hunter to distinguish

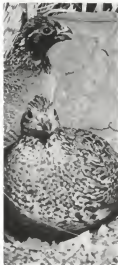
a masked bob in the air from one of the more common quail," Tomlinson said. "If a sportsman happened to knock one down outside the release areas, and if it were totally protected, he would be unlikely to send the hand to us for fear of legal difficulties. Right now, the return of a band showing that the bird has at least survived, and indicating how it has moved, is more valuable than the bird itself."

Not that any great increase in hunting is anticipated if it turns out that the masked bobwhite is flourishing. There is no telling how many of the original 160 Maryland-hatched birds have managed to stay alive, or if any remain in Arizona. Even if they are alive, or if subsequently released bobs do survive (additional releases will be made in 1971 and 1972) it is doubtful that the re-introduced birds will ever be plentiful enough to add appreciably to hunting.

All of which brings up a question familiar to those involved in work with endangered species: Why bother? If, as could easily happen, the masked bob were suddenly wiped out, the loss would have very little practical effect on any other bird or animal, or even on any human being except for a few special individuals like Tomlinson. But the release of the 160 masked bobwhites represents the first field test of theories and techniques that federal scientists hope will improve the lot of many of our all-but-vanished wild species. Even if the recovery of one of these birds is accomplished with a shotgun it will indicate that the masked bobwhite has lived for eight months in Arizona, something that none of his kind has been able to do for three-quarters of a century. If a masked bob can make it in the dry hills south of Tucson, research will be encouraged on similar restoration efforts for the benefit of the whooping crane, the Everglade kite, the black-footed ferret and others of that mixed bag of creatures whose common characteristic is that mankind has pushed them to the brink of extinction.

"The bird is part of our natural heritage," says Tomlinson, summing up the rationale of the project. "I like the idea of keeping as much of that as we can. If some time, money and compassion will save some of the species that are left, I can't think of any good reason why not to make the effort."

END



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Loose and Fun-Loving off the Field**

**Or, the confessions of
a pro footballer
who played six positions
in 10 years
and did none of them justice**

**by
Alex Hawkins
with
Myron Cope**





A few more weeks and it would be time to report to training camp—time to get ready for the 1969 season—but something was telling me that I faced a decision. I had awakened with a case of the hives. Whenever I get the hives I know it's time for a change. Usually I solve the problem by going off on a fishing trip or flying up to Baltimore to have a few drinks with my fans (mostly bartenders, petty hoodlums and worthless newspapermen), but lately I had been brooding about my career. Mind you, I had no illusions—I had not expected great things of myself. It's true that the first year a thumbnail sketch of me appeared in the Baltimore Colts' press book, I was described as a "fleet breakaway threat," but, of course, publicity men write press books grimly determined to find a compliment for every player. In my case it was a terrible struggle. Becoming less of a threat each year, I was demoted to "the hard-running blond," then to "the solid-socking blond." Finally, publicist Jim Walker reached the bottom of the barrel. He put down that I was "loose and fun-loving off the field" and let it go at that.

But no, it was not my station that I brooded about. Actually, you could say my career had been unique. I mean, how many football players can you name who in 10 years in the National Football League played six positions—cornerback, halfback, fullback, split end, flanker and tight end—and did none of them justice?

Although I would be 32 in just a few days, I wasn't worried about being able to take the football grind for another year. On practice days our coach, Don Shula, used to say to me, "Well, Hawk, what are you going to do today?" I'd say, "I think I'll warm up the quarterbacks and later I'll go over and bat the breeze with the kickers." Shula would say, "Good. Just stay out of everybody's way." It was a routine I could live with.

Nor was I worried that I might not be able to retain my position as the No. 6 man in the Colts' six-man corps of receivers. Having risen to the captaincy of the suicide squad, I commanded a certain amount of prestige, and while it's true that Shula's better judgment often told him to release me, he always managed to rationalize his way out of the decision by noting that I knew the plays at six positions and that if I happened to turn up in the right saloon at the right time I usually could talk Lou Michaels out of a fight before the cops arrived. No, Shula wouldn't cut me. But for reasons I'll get to presently, I had become dissatisfied with life as a pro football player. The hives were telling me to take stock. Their message was clear. I decided to quit while I was still on the bottom.

continued

From my home in Atlanta I telephoned Baltimore and called a press conference. The club was damn well not going to, but I still had a little Super Bowl money left that would pay for a nice luncheon, so I booked the back room at the Golden Arm, which is owned by John Unitas and Bobby Boyd, and leaked the word that I intended to announce my retirement. The turnout was huge and, I might say, enthusiastic. Shula showed up, and so did a number of my teammates. The newspapermen already were charging drinks to my tab before I arrived. Also, there were bellboys and bookies and thieves and even a few thirsty priests. If I shock you by admitting that while playing pro football I associated with hoodlums, let me explain that in Baltimore there is no such thing as a clever hoodlum. One of my good friends, for example, made his getaway from a bank robbery by hailing a cab. After traveling five blocks he was caught, owing to the fact that he had neglected to tell the driver he had robbed a bank and the driver had stopped for a red light.

The speeches were terrific. Bert Bell Jr., the son of the late NFL commissioner, got up and said, "I think the Colts ought to retire the Hawk's jersey. Ball clubs are always retiring the stars' jerseys, but they never do anything for a stiff."

Gusie the Bookie got up and said, "Does anybody know who win the second at Monmouth?"

The sight of all my old pals so touched me that I arose and said, "I can't go through with it. I'm not going to quit." Shula threw down his napkin and stalked out of the room.

When the shouting died away and my resolve to remain active had been vetoed, the celebration began in earnest. The luncheon ended at 9:30 the next morning, at which time I awoke on the barroom floor, knowing that I had gone out in style.

Actually, I quit for two reasons. One was that my teammate, Tom Matte, had made the Pro Bowl the previous season. I held no personal grudge against Tom, but the more I thought about his selection to the Pro Bowl the more I wondered what the game had come to. The way Tom got to be a star, you see, was that the newspapermen ran out of questions for John Unitas. They said, "Good Lord, how many times can we ask Unitas the same questions?" So they looked around the room one day and there was Matte.

Tom makes few mistakes, he hardly ever fumbles, but he lacks one quality that you sort of expect in a star. Ability. Tom has no illusions about himself, I'm certain of that, but the sportswriters needed a new Colt star and Tom was not about to contradict them. The fact is, he responded beautifully to the role. In the 1968 NFL championship game, in which we walloped Cleveland 34-0, he actually scored three touchdowns.

But Tom Matte in the Pro Bowl? That bothered me, it really did, because having had a 10-year ticket on the 50 and hav-

ing been able to enjoy pro football with few interruptions by coaches wanting me to get in there, I had developed a great romance with the game. I'm one of those purists, meaning that I love football for the sport itself. I hate anything I see that detracts from the sport, and that includes my own performances. When the coaches showed game films it made me sick to watch myself play. Unlike Matte, however, I never grew sufficiently important in the scheme of things to expose the sport to ridicule. Ten years in a row they passed me by for the Pro Bowl.

But as I said, there were two reasons why I decided to get out. The second was that football was no longer fun. During my first years at Baltimore there had been an intimacy among teammates. We ran together, off the field as well as on. You might say we hung together for security. But as the age of affluence came upon us, the man playing alongside you became a stranger unless you happened to work for the same brokerage house.

Let me put it this way. Often you hear a player say of a teammate, "He's a fierce competitor, that fellow. He wants to win whether he's playing football, cards or whatever." That's one of your real white-haired clichés that players mouth when a reporter is pressing them for a quote about a teammate. But if I tell you that my old teammate Bobby Boyd, who's now an assistant on the Colt coaching staff, was the toughest competitor I've ever known, I'm speaking from firsthand knowledge. Here's a bald little guy who looks like one of Snow White's dwarfs, but it wasn't by accident that he intercepted 57 passes, the third-highest total in NFL history. He stole the quarterbacks' signals. He stole them on principle. You see, Bobby entered no form of competition without first casing it for an edge, and getting to know that aspect of him was part of the fun of being a player.

For instance, there we were at the bar of the Golden Arm one night when for one reason or another Bobby and I began arguing whether I knew how to ride a horse. I proposed to bet \$200 that I could ride a horse from the bar to my apartment, a distance of about four miles.

"Can I phone the police and let 'em know you're on your way?" said Bobby.

"Of course you can't."

"Then I don't like the bet."

"All right," I said to Bobby, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll ride the horse buck naked. I'll pull a Lady Godiva."

Bobby thought over the proposition, then said, "I still don't like the bet."

"Listen," I said, "I'll not only ride the horse buck naked to my apartment building, I'll ride him up the front steps and through the lobby and into the elevator. I'll ride him right into the apartment itself."

Bobby stroked his chin for a few moments and finally said, "You got a bet."

I figured I was \$200 richer already, because the only thing that could beat me was a sense of propriety, which I

continued

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have never been accused of having. So the bet was on. Now all we needed was a horse, Rocky Thornton, the bartender, stepped out into the street and shouted, "Hey, horse!" but no horse came, so we started phoning stables. As it turned out, nobody would rent us a horse, possibly because they suspected we had been drinking. But the point is that when I say you've never seen a tougher competitor than Bobby Boyd, I'm not just parroting words about a teammate I don't really know. When Bobby finally accepted that bet, he knew—I didn't—that the elevator in my apartment building was nowhere near large enough to admit a horse.

Yes, once upon a time football was fun. The feeling that the fun was ebbing began to creep up on me in 1965, when John Unitas and I fell to reflecting on our training camp that year. We agreed that for the first time the place had no zest. You had to search high and low for a poker game. Players sat around checking their investment portfolios. In the past, if the coach gave the team the weekend off, 30 players would get together for a party, but now, with a free weekend starting, you would see them scattering like quail. The briefcase carriers had taken over. We were now a team during working hours only.



In this house Raymond Berry lived alone, writing letters to Mom.

If I seem to be saying that in order to play pro football properly it's necessary that large groups of players hang out in bars, you read me perfectly. Regardless of what the Fellowship of Christian Athletes says, true pro football teams accomplished half of their pregame preparation in bars. Each team had its favorite after-practice hangout, a hangout being any bar where, let's say, six or more players gathered. By the third round of drinks you actually could see men getting themselves up for Sunday's game. For no apparent reason, except that we talked football (and girls) endlessly, you would suddenly hear a lineman say, "I'm going to block that son of a bitch all over the field!" Having been immersed in the football talk, he was bringing his own little battle into focus and committing himself.

Confrontations took place at those hangouts. "When the hell are you going to start doing a better job?" a player would demand of another. Players were taken apart point-blank by their equals, and the team was the better for it. Today if you confront a teammate, he becomes highly indignant. When a few players occasionally get together, they talk about their Dairy Queens. If more than two players meet after practice for a beer, the odds are heavy that at least one wife will phone to say, "Now you be sure to be home on time because we're going over to Green Spring Inn with the Braases." I'm not saying it's a crime. I'm saying it's civil. Pro football was not designed to be played by sane or civil men.

A couple of the fine Baltimore players, neither of them totally sane, come to mind.

Raymond Berry, before he married, lived alone in an old frame house. Football obsessed him. Usually he was the first to arrive at practice and the last to leave. Once or twice a week he would stop off with the boys and have a beer (or, if he gave himself over to abandon, a beer and a half), and then he would go home. How many rooms that big old house held, I have no idea. Nobody I know of, except Raymond, ever set foot in it. Raymond was a loner. Whenever I drove by his house and pictured him padding around inside, I thought of the Charles Addams people, but if I had to guess what Raymond was doing in there, night after night, I would say that upon returning from practice, he sat down and wrote a letter to his mother in Texas and then fixed supper and then, a riotous evening ahead of him, turned on a projector and studied game films till bedtime. I ask you, was Raymond Berry a completely sane man?

Further evidence: in a game against Dallas, as I recall, Raymond dropped a sideline pass because the ball had been deflected by a cornerback. Raymond dived headlong and got one hand on the ball but couldn't hold it. I turned to Jimmy Orr and said, "I'll bet you Raymond will have me practicing that play with him all week." Sure enough, when I showed up for practice I saw that a sawdust pit had been dug off to one side of the field. At his

column

LIFE BEFORE THE HOT COMB

A story of Tragedy and Disaster.



2. Let a smile be your umbrella.

3. You won a few, you lost a few.

4. Ah, remember the glorious feeling of the sun on your face, and the wind in your hair.

1. The day began and you were already in trouble.



6. Naturally, some disasters were better than others.

5. Think of it this way. At least it kept the rest of you in shape.

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USF&G

*Laura's new coat
and her entire
wardrobe*

*The home she
plans to furnish*

*Other stores in
the shopping center*



own expense Raymond had ordered a truckload of sawdust. "Let's go," he said to me. All week, with sawdust coming out of our ears, we practiced diving catches of deflected passes. I didn't catch one. Raymond, I seem to remember, caught two or three. They made his week.

The first day I reported to the Colts, in 1959, Bert Rechichar held out his hand and said, "I'm 44. What's your name?" He never thought of himself as Bert Rechichar. Had he been introducing himself to the President, he would have said, "I'm 44." He earned a cigar in the corner of his mouth and, being blind in one eye, which remained closed as he studied me with his good eye, he gave me the feeling that if I hadn't met him in the Colts' dressing room I would have guessed his occupation as hangman.

He was a mystery man. While no one had ever been inside Raymond Berry's house, no one even knew where Rechichar lived. He carried his entire savings in his pocket, which caused players to refer to him as the First National Bank of Rechichar. In line at the \$10 window at Pimlico, our general manager, the late Don Kellert, would find it irritating to see Bert at the \$100 window.

A mean football player? He was meaner than hell at high noon. He had played quarterback, fullback, receiver, safety (where he made All-Pro) and linebacker. He was an Alex Hawkins with ability. In his first year at Baltimore, I was told, Bert fooled around in practice, kicking long field goals, although he wasn't the club's regular field-goal man. In a game against the Chicago Bears the Colts had the ball on the Bears' 49 with four seconds left in the first half. Bert had started walking to the dressing room when an assistant coach, Otis Douglas, said, "I wonder if Bert can kick a field goal from back there." Then he yelled, "Hey, Bert! Go in there and try a field goal!" Bert shrugged and said, "Why the — not?" He walked back into the game and, without bothering to hook up his chin strap, booted a line drive that sailed 56 yards through the uprights. Until last week, when Tom Dempsey of New Orleans kicked a 63-yarder, it was a professional record.

When Weeb Ewbank coached the Colts, Bert would walk up to him every now and then and stare down at him with his good eye and say, "Don't you ever made me." When at last Ewbank released him, Bert asked me to give him a lift in my car—he had to pick up his belongings. I thought I would finally learn where he lived, but instead Bert had me stop at half a dozen places at least—back alleys and side streets where I had never been. He would disappear into a doorway and return a few minutes later with a pair of pants and a jacket. At the next stop he would come out with a couple of shirts and maybe a pair of shoes. I drove him around for an hour before he said, "O.K., that's it." Would you say that Bert Rechichar was a totally sane man?

I'm not saying every pro football player has to be abnormal to perform well at the sport, but if you are it helps. Yet with the coming of bonuses and high salaries

and pensions and opportunities for investment, a great many players have achieved security and are bent on looking and acting not a whit different from the average guy who walks into the Harvard Club. It's comforting for the players but terrible for the sport. The surest way to destroy pro football is to give the players a sense of security, yet that is what we have come to. Where the number of available jobs in the game during my first year was 480, it's now 1,040. A frontline player says to himself, "So what if I've had a few bad games? If they don't want me here, somebody will pick me up." Instead of playing savage football, which really is the only kind, he looks at his



Tom Matte's waistband is now in the Pro Football Hall of Fame.

opponent and says, "Well, I don't want to overdo it. Had a few drinks with the fellow at the last Players' Association convention, and he's really not a bad guy."

Just smelling that security has destroyed brilliant careers. Jim Taylor, the Green Bay fullback, was my idea of a perfect pro football player, which is to say half man, half animal. I knew him briefly at Green Bay, where I spent a few months as a rookie. It seemed to me that Taylor enjoyed talking to himself. This impression was confirmed years later when John Unitas returned from the Pro Bowl and said to me, "I was in the huddle, starting to call a play, when I heard that guy Taylor muttering. I said, 'What's wrong, Jim?' He said, 'Don't pay no attention to me. I'm talking to myself.'" Like Bert Rechichar, Taylor never, to my knowledge, referred to himself by his Christian name. Sometimes he called himself Roy and at other times he called himself Doody. I have no idea why. He called other people Doody, too.

But when I say that Jim Taylor was right for pro football I'm thinking mostly of an incident related to me by an old Baltimore teammate, Wendell Harris. Wendell had

continued

played at Louisiana State, where Taylor had played a bit earlier, and one day in the off season Wendell was exercising a weak knee by running up and down an aisle in the LSU stadium. He thought the stadium was empty, but then he looked down to the field and saw Taylor working out. Taylor was beating his backside against the stadium wall. "Jim!" yelled Wendell. "What are you doing?"

Taylor turned halfway around and patted himself on the backside. "I got the toughest ass in the business!" he barked, and with that he walked proudly out of the stadium.

He was all football player, Jim Taylor was, but then, as the gold began to flow on all sides, he started thinking about security. He played out his option at Green Bay. Vince Lombardi said, "The hell with him." Taylor went to New Orleans on a fat contract, but you'll notice that he instantly turned into a shadow of the player he had been.

At any rate, since picking myself off the barroom floor at the Golden Arm, I found a way to stay on the fringe of the sport I love and weep for. I became the color man on the Atlanta Falcons' radio team, and this fall I started my own television show in the face of smart money that's betting I'll louse up television and radio as completely as I

did post patterns. I hope they'll keep me around for a long time because being a part of football is a great way to put off growing up. But I do hope that somehow, some way, pro football will return to being the savage, exciting game it once was. As I look back, the worst halfback I ever saw in 10 years as an NFL player was me. Yet, during my second and third years I actually played first string, owing to the fact that the Colt backfield was practically wiped out by injuries. Those were mediocre seasons for Baltimore—a 6-6 record in 1960, 8-6 in '61. Interestingly enough, however, I averaged 3.8 yards per carry. Know what Tom Matte's average is? Tom Matte, supported by squads that consistently have been a contender or champion, averages 3.9 yards per carry and is celebrated as a star. He's been in the Pro Bowl twice.

What's more, they've already put a piece of his equipment in the Hall of Fame. You may recall that in 1965 all the Colt quarterbacks were injured, so Tom played quarterback in the final game of the season and again in a playoff against Green Bay for the Western Conference title. He read the plays from a wristband he was wearing—a wristband that is now on display at the Pro Football Hall of Fame, believe it or not. Last year I visited the Hall of Fame. I had heard that another visitor shortly before had

continued

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HAWKINS *continued*

suffered a heart attack there and had dropped dead. I cannot swear to it, because I was not there at the time, but the information I was given is that the poor man was stricken when he came upon Tom Matte's wristband.

Be that as it may, one day toward the end of my career in the NFL, Don Shula was moved to point out just how far I had come. "You know, I saw you play for South Carolina," he told me, "and I put you down as a surefire pro prospect. I told myself, 'Can't miss, offensively or defensively.'" Shula stroked his chin for a few moments and then said, "Hawk, it just goes to show you how wrong a guy can be."

Shula by no means stood alone in having failed to see that I lacked certain qualities normally considered important to a pro football career. I mean, it helps to have speed, agility, size and strength, and because my 10 years in professional football proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that I had none of these, it's as baffling to me as it is to Green Bay that in 1959 they made me their No. 2 draft choice—in fact, the first player selected in the second round. Because I played both ways, defensive back and left half-back, the pro scouts may have suspected that a lighter workload would reveal me as a gem. Or perhaps they felt I had been impeded by South Carolina's style of play, which tended to be unspectacular. One season we put in a special play. The quarterback would drop back and throw the ball. I believe we used the play three times that season.

The wonder, of course, is that with absolutely no ability I lasted much longer than most players. I am tempted to say the reason was brains, but that's hard to support. Twice in my career I told off a coach, and as I look back I can see I was no genius at picking my coaches. The two I told off were Paul Brown and Vince Lombardi.

I played under Brown in the Senior Bowl. He coached the South squad and Joe Kuharich coached the North. The winners were to get \$500 a man, the losers \$400. At our first squad meeting Brown announced, "We can count on the \$500 because I can take any kind of

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team and beat Kuharich," I said to myself, "Well, he's a right arrogant soul, I'll give him that." Then Brown announced that the team bus would leave each morning for practice at 10:30 *promptly*, which didn't bother me as I had no history of missing buses. The next morning, a few minutes before 10:30, I left my room and strolled toward the bus. It must have been the very stroke of 10:30 when I reached the curb, because Brown spoke to the driver from his seat at the head of the bus and the door swung closed in my face. I stood there beating on the door, but if it had been Brown's wife out there pounding on that door, he wouldn't have glanced out the window. A few moments later the bus disappeared around a bend.

I bought a fifth of Scotch and spent the day leisurely in my room, after which I went to the team meal and the evening meeting.

"Where were you today?" Brown said to me.

"I was beating on the bus door, that's where," I said.

"Why didn't you take a cab?"

"Are you kidding?" I said, still hot as a depot stove from having had that door slammed in my face. "We got paid \$500 to win, \$400 if we lose. Nobody said anything about cab fare."

Brown didn't reply, but I had the feeling I hadn't started off with him on the right foot. At any rate, he put me down to start in the defensive backfield, and because we had only one offensive half-back, he told me to be ready to fill in at that position as well. O.K., no sweat. But as I soon learned, when it comes to planning for emergencies Paul Brown makes the Joint Chiefs of Staff look like the Penn Central. "Hawkins!" he barked at me one day while an assistant coach was going over the offensive guards' plays. "Are you taking these down?"

"Offensive-guard plays?" I said.

"You're supposed to take down every play for every position."

"Why?" I asked.

"We have so few players," Brown replied, "that you don't know what position you're liable to have to play."

"Well," I said, "if I got to play of-

fensive guard, we might as well forfeit."

Brown studied me solemnly and then softly said, "Hawkins, you're a dog." He was the first to suspect that I couldn't possibly last in professional football.

Still, he played me in the Senior Bowl, and of course we beat Joe Kuharich and the North, inasmuch as Brown had willed it to be so. He is, as I came to realize, a positively brilliant coach, the greatest of all, a man I would have loved to play pro ball under, but of course, after our beginning at the Senior Bowl, there was never any danger of that. Besides, destiny was sweeping me into the teeth of Vince Lombardi, who had just become head coach of the Packers and as yet remained an unknown quantity.

The first day of training camp Lombardi cut two players before they reached the practice field. Walking alongside them toward the field, he observed that they were overweight. "Where are you two going?" he asked.

"We're going to practice," one of the players answered.

"No, you're not," said Lombardi. "You can't make our team."

My career as a Packer came to an end late in the exhibition season. At practice Lombardi, as usual, was screaming at me to do something right for a change. Finally I blew up. "Listen," I said. "I know I'm not playing good football, but I didn't come all the way from South Carolina to try to deliberately destroy your football team. I don't want to hear you screaming at me. If I don't do the job, cut me."

The next day Lombardi cut me.

Prospects for my lasting 10 years in the league appeared rather cloudy at that point, but when my name went on the waiver list Baltimore became interested. Weeb Ewbank probably figured that a No. 2 draft choice had to be of some use. As it turned out, Weeb was right. He made me his whipping boy. "Hawkins," he would say, "if you can't be faster passing out those road itineraries, I'll get somebody who can." The ballplayers would chuckle and Weeb would consider morale as having been improved a notch.

Besides valuing me as a whipping boy, Weeb no doubt admired my thirst

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Charming, in some places. Awesome in others. In parts of the Rockies, you can go from cactus desert to high mountain in less than an hour. Want to feel absolute quiet, except for the big elk feeding in the meadows below? Or the friendliness of a small, old-world town? Or the maddest, maddest night life going? The Rockies have it all.

The atmosphere is as varied as the resorts you can choose. For more about that, read the following reasons 9 through 14.

9. ASPEN. FOUR RESORTS IN ONE. ASPEN MOUNTAIN, BUTTERMILK / TIEHACK, ASPEN HIGHLANDS, SNOWMASS

They say you get *Aspenglow* when you go there, and there are so many places to choose from, who could miss? With 200 kaleidoscopic miles of runs and trails, you can ski your whole vacation and never go down the same one twice. Lift tickets are interchangeable.

Take on the Corkscrew or Ruthie's Run at Aspen Mountain. Take on Buttermilk / Tiehack, great for novices. Take on Aspen Highlands, and the challenging deep powder of Maroon Bowl. Take on Snowmass, the big new baby, and its mile-wide Big Burn. And if you still have enough energy, take on Aspen night life, just as exciting and varied as its slopes.

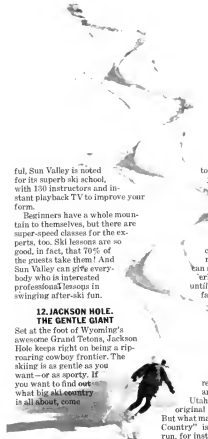
10. VAIL AND VAIL / LIONS HEAD. THE BEST OF TWO WORLDS

Two clusters of lodges and condominiums nestled in a mountain valley. Vail was designed only eight years ago for American convenience and comfort, with the charm of narrow streets, outdoor cafes and gondolas soaring out of the center of town.

Vail was planned for families who don't all ski at the same level, with easy access to slopes of every kind. Prima and the Back Bowls for Dad; broad rolling Northwoods for Mother and gentle Gopher Hill with a surface lift for young beginners. All but the steepest slopes are continually groomed by machines and men; more than six square miles of packed-powder, ballroom-smooth, great skiing.

11. SUN VALLEY. THE MAGIC NAME

This year a new high-speed lift will make the six great treeless bowls and Seattle Ridge into a whole new mountain. Wild, wide and wonder-



ful, Sun Valley is noted for its superb ski school, with 130 instructors and instant playback TV to improve your form.

Beginners have a whole mountain to themselves, but there are super-speed classes for the experts, too. Ski lessons are so good, in fact, that 70% of the guests take them! And Sun Valley can give everybody who is interested professional lessons in swinging after-ski fun.

12. JACKSON HOLE. THE GENTLE GIANT

Set at the foot of Wyoming's awesome Grand Tetons, Jackson Hole keeps right on being a rip-roaring cowboy frontier. The skiing is as gentle as you want—or as sporty. If you want to find out what big ski country is all about, come



to Jackson Hole. Just the intermediate area is as big as most major ski areas.

The run down Rendezvous Bowl into Amphitheater and Gros Ventre is a three-mile, 4,100-foot drop for World Cup competitors. Intermediates can pussyfoot down Rendezvous, then open up across Solitude to Après Vous and seven exhilarating miles downhill.

13. TAOS SKI VALLEY. THE GEMUTLICH ONE

Skiers come back every season to the friendly "family" feeling of this smallest and most personal of the big Rockies resorts. Taos Ski Valley has all the feeling of a tiny alpine town beneath towering peaks. It's a breathtaking contrast

to the 800-year-old Taos just a few miles away, where the ancient Spanish haciendas bask in sunshine.

The lifts at Taos Ski Valley have their base at an incredible 9,200 feet, and reach up to 11,800. You can ski under warm southerly sun from November until mid-June! Don't miss famous Al's Run, and 6-mile-long Rubezahl, one of the world's longest, most varied runs.

14. PARK CITY. ACTION COUNTRY

New lodges, shops and restaurants dot the area around this historic old Utah mining town, with its original character still intact. But what makes Park City "Action Country" is its slopes. Pay Day run, for instance, chosen by *Sports Illustrated* as one of the country's top ten. It's also the longest night skiing slope in the United States.

There's the longest gondola tramway in North America. There's a run that permits novices to travel from the very 9,400-foot top to the bottom on an easy 15% grade. And, just to whet your curiosity, Park City is the only place in the world with a skier's subway!

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It's really the only thing you need to bring. First of all, The American Express Money Card can fly you there. Wherever you've chosen. (And maybe you didn't know that you can pay for airline tickets over an extended period.)

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Hawkins continued

to play. If he asked for a halfback, I was a halfback. If he asked for a fullback, I was a fullback. Wherever injuries thinned our ranks, I stood ready to plunge in. As I said, because of this I played in the first-string backfield during much of my second and third years. After Shula replaced Ewbank in 1963, I settled into my niche as No. 6 receiver. Dick LeBeau, the Detroit cornerback, used to slap his sides and shriek with laughter whenever Shula sent me into the game. "The game must be out of hand!" LeBeau would shout. "Are we behind that much?" Then he would say, "Hawkins. I know what you're going to do, I just know what you're going to do!" He would run alongside me, covering me, cackling all the way, and yelling, "I told you I knew what you were going to do!" May I add that often this was a good deal more than I knew.

For this reason, or a similar one, next season Shula decided I was just the man to be captain of the specialty, or suicide, teams. Not only that, before an exhibition game with Philadelphia he got an even brighter idea: that I should join our offensive and defensive captains in the center of the field for the coin-tossing ceremony.

"Aw, I'll be embarrassed," I told him. "Don't be a jerk," he said. "Get out there."

I went out, feeling like a jerk.

As you know, the referee introduces the captains to one another. He drew a blank with me.

"Captain Hawkins," I said smartly.

"Captain who?" he said.

A few games later when the referees were still asking, "Captain who?" my teammates took up the cry and I became known as Captain Who. Football has its rewards. Tom Matte played in the Pro Bowl, I immortalized anonymity.

NEXT WEEK

In the second and concluding part, Alex the not-so-great relates how he became the team baby-sitter and how a poker game made him lose a \$5,000 award.

COMPUTAMATIC GAMES

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The Gremlin is purely and simply more fun to drive. The chief reason for this is the engine that comes with the Gremlin as standard equipment.

It's a proven 6 cylinder engine that produces a peppy 135 horsepower.

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respectively.

The maneuverability of the Gremlin is another major contributor to the fun.

Its turning circle, at 33 feet, is 3 feet less than Volkswagen's.

And, of course, the Gremlin gives you the expected advantages of fuel economy (up to 25 miles per gallon) ease of maintenance and low initial cost. The 2-passenger lists for \$1,899. The 4-passenger for \$1,999.

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There's the Bloody Mary and then there's the Bloody Merrier.

Some people still make a Bloody Mary the same old way. Others are putting new life in the old girl with V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juice. Just take ice, 4 jiggers of "V-8" (6 oz.) and 1 of your old standby. So, always keep some handy because... "V-8" makes the Bloody Merrier.

If it doesn't have "V-8,"
it's not a Bloody Merrier.



V-8 is a trademark of Campbell Soup Company.

**Your \$10 gift
to these hungry kids can bring
them \$240 worth of meat,
milk and bread.**

These kids go through life never knowing what it is like not to be hungry. They subsist day after day on a few greens around noon and some pinto beans in the evening. Nothing more. Nothing different. And not even enough of that.

It sounds incredible because it's taking place right now...in the midst of the good life so many of us are living in America. But walk down the back roads of most any Mississippi Delta town and you'll see tenant farmers, field hands, seasonal workers...and their children...with stomachs bloated, eyes dulled, feet swollen, arms and legs matchstick thin.

The irony is that they aren't starving at a rate dramatic enough to arouse the indignation of the nation and the world. Otherwise something would have already been done.

One of the programs that is aiding many of these families is the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan. Under this plan a needy family can convert a 50¢ food stamp into as much as \$12.00 worth of food. The problem is getting that 50¢, because many families have no income at all.

The NAACP Special Contribution Fund is conducting a nationwide drive to help thousands survive. If you can do with one less "dinner out" this month, the money can mean a month's supply of meat, milk, and bread for a family of five. Just \$10.00 buys up to \$240.00 in food stamps.

If you would like to contribute to this fund, please send your tax-deductible check, for as little or as much as you can, to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund.

Thank you

NAACP Emergency Relief Fund*
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There is always one best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.



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When the other islands shut down, Puerto Rico opens up.

Midnight in the Caribbean.

The moon is out. On most islands, that's about all that's out.

In San Juan, Puerto Rico, the night is alive.

At the Sand and the Sea, drink a "Big Bamboo" to the beat of the steel band. (The drink's made with six shots of light, dry Puerto Rican Rum.)

At the Alhambra, atop the Sheraton, the view of San Juan turns you on, and the serenading guitars keep you turned on.

At Corral de Marcelo, they stamp a wild flamenco in the patio, and you find yourself stamping right along with them.

At Mario's, they seduce you with an Empanadilla (land crab) appetizer so tasty you don't have to pay for it if you don't like it.

At Ocho Puertas, things are Victorian and quiet and love is in the air, if not at every table.

At the luxury hotels of San Juan, Puerto Rico, you can get a lot closer to the stars than your living room TV screen.

At Las Nereidas sidewalk cafe, the coffee is rich and black and Puerto Rican. And the pot's still perking at 4 A.M.

At daybreak, when the rest of the Caribbean is just opening up, Puerto Rico is still open.

It's time to drive out to El Conquistador and ride the aerial tramway high above the sea.

To ride the waves at Rinçon, where the World Surfing Championship was held. (If you can hang on for more than two minutes, you're a champion.)

Time for a walk along the narrow, cobblestone streets of Old San Juan. (The stones were once ballast in old Spanish Galleons.)

Time to discover santos and ceramics and native Puerto Rican painting on Calle Fortaleza.

To rediscover your tennis game at the Racquet Club.

Or be a Caribbean cowboy on a horseback ride along beautiful Dorado beach.

Puerto Rico is the gateway to the Caribbean, the 8th continent of the world.

In Puerto Rico, you'll never be bored. You'll never wonder what to do.

In Puerto Rico, time means nothing. And life means everything.

**Puerto Rico.
It never closes.**



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

SOFTBALL—ABA: The CAROLINA Caimen won their first game of the season last week, but proved a shaming experience. Pittsburgh's 8th Ath roster Charlie Hertz struck two shots near the end of the game that crushed the glass batsmen at Dorton Arena in Raleigh, the only causing the game to be delayed for an hour while a new backboard was installed up and the second, when 87 seats were left and the score 122-107, meaning it to be called "an account of shame." Meanwhile the Atlanta Hawks of the NBA sought a sixth victory against the Cougars to prevent their former star, Eric Childers, from playing with Carolina. KENTUCKY won its season's tenth by seven by beating the leader in the West, Utah, its first 101-90. The Stars won a key game against Boston 102-91, one of three straight losses suffered by the following champions.

NBA: Those paragon of today, the Cleveland Cavaliers, enhanced their dominance as the only team to be undefeated sport with their 13th straight loss, 103-91, to BUFFALO, which could not win since the 2nd game of the season against Jacksonville. Two questionable decisions are within reach for Cleveland: most season opening losses (11) and most consecutive losses (17). The defeat here had some real benefits for the other teams in the NBA. PHILADELPHIA's victory over Cleveland was its 11th straight, and Los Angeles scored a season-high point against the Cavaliers in a 110-101 MELBAUER. The Rochester Cavalier's back, 111-107, to LANIA's line victory of the week in the Hawks then lost three straight. The only team with a winning record in the Central Division is OKLAHOMA CITY. PORTLAND scored a 123-120 defeat on its Bulls, marked the first victory of the season in an expansion team ever, as the Celtics in another sign as its Western swing. Milwaukee fell to SAN FRANCISCO 111-100 as the Warriors ended a three-game losing streak. In the Midwest, the winners of the NBA's first division, MELBAUER, slipped into a tie with the Hawks for the lead with a 101-91 victory over the CALED 102-91. A remark of last season's NBA championship opponents now, LOS ANGELES slipped over a 100-104 score over New York.

BASEBALL: CARLOS MONZON of Argentina spent weeks in Houston's Chamberlain Sports Center of Italy with a 170-pound knockout in their fight in Rome (over 10).

FOOTBALL: It was not a good week for fans who all the season early to beat the teams, as four NFL games affecting five divisional races were decided in the final minutes. The most far-reaching comeback since Walter's score was made in NEW ORLEANS, where Jim Dwyer's kick a record 63-yard field goal with two seconds left to win despite 17-17 and push the Saints two games behind Minnesota in the NFC Central. Detroit's 1-6, which battered by seven yards, Ben Roelich's record set in 1951 when an 18-yard three-pointer by Fred Mauts with 14 seconds remaining in LA. LIND 43-yard George Blanda, kicking for injured Darby Langness, helped the Raiders to a 24 victory over Cleveland with a 10-yard touchdown pass at 1:13 and a 25-yard field goal in the last three seconds. Oakland then returned just before 4:30 to LA'S 24-9 over the Browns in the AFC West. Cleveland dropped into a tie with PHILADELPHIA (17-17 over the Jets) in the AFC East. Another loss interrupted a game in NEW YORK, where the Giants' Tom Tarkenton fired a 13-yard touchdown pass to Rust Johnson, beating Detroit 21-20 and pushing New York into a second-place tie in the NFC. It followed ST. LOUIS' 131-6 over Buffalo. The city's first home victory was followed by LOS ANGELES' Roman Gabriel's yardage to Willie Ellison, with two seconds left, enabled the team to beat ATLANTA 19-16 and push ahead SAN FRANCISCO (17-16 over Chicago) in the NFC West. PHILADELPHIA won its 10th of the year, 24-17 over Miami, and finally clinched the AFC East title for BALTIMORE.

National Conference—Eastern: 21 Lions (9-2-3) New York and Dallas (5-3-7) Washington (5-3-7) Philadelphia (1-1-7) Cincinnati (0-1-9) Pittsburgh (0-1-9) (5-3) Green Bay (4-5-3) Chicago (3-4-3) Baltimore (3-4-3) New Orleans (2-5-4) New England (2-5-4).

American Conference—Eastern: Baltimore (5-3-7) Miami (4-4-3) Buffalo (3-5-3) New York and Boston (1-7-7) Detroit, Pittsburgh and Cleveland (0-1-9) New York (0-1-9) Cincinnati (2-4-5) Western: Oakland (3-

3-7) Kansas City (3-5-3), Denver (4-4-3) and San Diego (3-5-3).

HARNESS RACING—MOST HAPPY FEELA (4-4-8) swept his sweep of the triple crown of racing with a pair of easy victories in the Messenger Stakes at Roosevelt Racetrack. In a race driver-owned Stoney by Dismar called "the toughest I've ever been in" the winner completed the mile in 2:00.4.

A. Byron Conn, driver, DR. GEORGE A. SMITH JR., trainer. Romaine Hanover for \$101,000, the highest price ever paid for a filly in standardbred history, at the Hawthorne (Pa.) Sales, Haverhill, Mass. Future contingent of 104 yearlings brought a total of \$2,064,100.

HOCKEY—ST. LOUIS has quickly deserted the notion that it might substitute its role as a Western power to well-established Chicago. The Blues, who have won back-to-back titles in the West, are playing the best defense hockey of any NHL team since the 1970s. The high point of St. Louis' week was a 2-0 triumph of defense that ended a Brian Clark of 29 home wins. BOSTON, in a tight Eastern Division battle with New York and Montreal, managed only a disappointing 2-2 tie against PITTSBURGH, an expansion team. The Penguins also played well against Vancouver, beating the Canucks 5-3. VANCOUVER, however, suffered itself against another expansion Buffalo with a 4-1 victory that showed the "Sixers" deeper into the Eastern circuit. The score in the West also was a surprise, as the California Golden State found Toronto's 4-0 first straight win and a shot producing only two ties in its first nine outings. One of the victories was a 3-1 triumph over Eastern Conference New York. MONTREAL had the Buffalo scoring right of the year, beating the Buffalo 2-0 in the Eastern Division. LAGUNA, San Diego and Regan Hodge, scored two goals apiece.

WIRE SPORTS—CALIFORNIA DRIVING MILLER and VIC WILSON won the Mexican 1,000 mile road race in the record time of 14 hours, 56 minutes. The two divided the driving time, in their Volkswagen dune buggies, and the \$10,000 first prize.

WASPERS—APPOINTED: Subject to confirmation by the U.S. Senate, WILLIAM RUCKELSHAUS is head of the new Environmental Protection Agency. Arrived with a \$1.4-billion budget and a 74-mile, the current Justice Department official word, "We're going after polluters."

AWARDED: For three years the rights to administer the three-day, barrier racing circuit in the BUDGET (B) STATE FAIR, which produced a \$50,000 prize fund, raising the sum to about \$200,000 in 1972. First year of the new contract.

NAMED AS 1973's Young Award winner, National League Pitcher BOB GIBBON, following his 1-1 victory with St. Louis, and American League MINNIE PERRY, who was 18-12 with Milwaukee.

ENDED: A strike of the 16 basketball players at the UNIVERSITY OF DETROIT, who had claimed that Coach Art Harding drove them "to a point of psychological depression." The school's ethics board gave Harding unconditional support.

REMOVED: GLENN DOBBS, an athletic director at the University of Tulsa, which has been penalized by the NCAA and Missouri Valley Conference for rules violations, to become the school's chairman of special development. Dr. John Dumas, chairman of Tulsa's physical education department, becomes interim athletic director.

REPLACED: Two National Football League coaches, TOM FARRS of New Orleans and CLIVE RUSH of Boston, by J. D. Roberts, coach of the Saints' minor league affiliate team, and John McVay, offensive coach of the Patriots.

SIGNING: Another tie between Philadelphia and Philadelphia's CLIVE FARRS, by the Washington Senators, for \$110,000-a-year contract that includes the move to the Flood, a contract in his \$4 million contract and team facilities.

DIED: CHARLIE ROOF, 71, snowmobiled last for his 201 birthday was in 38 seasons with the Chicago Cubs team. He is known for his grip on the Cubs' Ruth in the 1942 World Series. Legend says Ruth called the shot by grounding at the center-field gap, but Roof always denied this vignette.

DIED: HILL GALLON, 72, winning horse in the 1941 Hawthorne who later lived several world record holders; as a farm near Charlotte, N.C.

CROQUIS

4-H Team Strategy: 18. Illustration by Don Allen. 19—Walter Brown: 20, 21—Tom Callahan: 22—John Mauts: 23—John Mauts: 24—Walter Brown: 25—John Mauts: 26—John Mauts: 27—John Mauts: 28—John Mauts: 29—John Mauts: 30—John Mauts: 31—John Mauts: 32—John Mauts: 33—John Mauts: 34—John Mauts: 35—John Mauts: 36—John Mauts: 37—John Mauts: 38—John Mauts: 39—John Mauts: 40—John Mauts: 41—John Mauts: 42—John Mauts: 43—John Mauts: 44—John Mauts: 45—John Mauts: 46—John Mauts: 47—John Mauts: 48—John Mauts: 49—John Mauts: 50—John Mauts: 51—John Mauts: 52—John Mauts: 53—John Mauts: 54—John Mauts: 55—John Mauts: 56—John Mauts: 57—John Mauts: 58—John Mauts: 59—John Mauts: 60—John Mauts: 61—John Mauts: 62—John Mauts: 63—John Mauts: 64—John Mauts: 65—John Mauts: 66—John Mauts: 67—John Mauts: 68—John Mauts: 69—John Mauts: 70—John Mauts: 71—John Mauts: 72—John Mauts: 73—John Mauts: 74—John Mauts: 75—John Mauts: 76—John Mauts: 77—John Mauts: 78—John Mauts: 79—John Mauts: 80—John Mauts: 81—John Mauts: 82—John Mauts: 83—John Mauts: 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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MONDAY-NIGHT QUARTERBACKS

Sirs:

After reading your article on the Monday-night hex (*TV Was on Points*, Nov. 2), I think the players are acting like a bunch of crybabies when they complain about missing their extra day of rest. For one thing, preseason games are scheduled in close intervals. For another, Thanksgiving Day used to bring two doubleheaders, with all eight teams playing with only three complete days off between games. And in the final weeks of the season, when college football is over, a few games are moved up to Saturday, again upsetting the regular between-games format. I personally believe that the players are just not in very good shape this year. They missed three to four weeks of training because of their strike. Thus, when they did start, they began playing games instead of conditioning.

RICHARD W. HUMPHREY

Dallas

Sirs:

According to the Monday-night hex theory, the Cleveland Browns should be complete physical and mental wrecks by Dec. 12. They are scheduled to play the Houston Oilers on Monday night, Dec. 7, and the Dallas Cowboys only five days later. The way Dallas and Cleveland have been playing so far, the Dec. 12 game could mean a divisional championship, or the loss of one. Jimmie Greek could have a field day with this one.

F. V. ESPOSITO JR.

Boardman, Ohio

Sirs:

Your article seems to have been written a bit prematurely. As you are no doubt aware, the Minnesota Vikings' Monday-night win over the Los Angeles Rams was followed on the next Sunday by the Rams' victory over the Saints and the Vikings' defeat of the Lions.

ROBBIE A. HELME

East Chicago, Ind.

Sirs:

I would like to commend you on a fine article. Robert Boyle's story said a lot. I would also like to say that the Monday-night hex may, after all, be real. Consider the Vikings-Rams game. Both are excellent teams, offensively and defensively, yet the game was singularly empty of action.

SANDY MACMULLEN

Essex, N.H.

Sirs:

It seems to me that there is a very simple solution to combat the "Mondays" and the

subsequent physical hardships to the participating teams. All the schedule makers have to do in the future is to schedule a return match between the same teams on the following Sunday. This happens many times during the baseball season without any loss of interest on the part of the fans. I believe, in fact, that giving the defeated team an immediate chance to retaliate would further stimulate pro football fan interest.

FRANK A. GANNZ

Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.

Sirs:

Jerry Mays' inability to touch his toes prior to the Denver game proves only one thing to me: he could easily have been defeated in a toe-touching contest.

LILLY T. M. RAD, USNR

San Diego

WEDNESDAY-NIGHT FOOTBALL

Sirs:

In reference to your SCOTT CAMERON (Nov. 2) on the financial plight of the Atlantic Coast Football League, who says football teams have to play on weekends? Maybe Wednesday night football is what the ACFL needs. That would put their games midway between Monday-night NFL games and Friday-night high school games. If not Wednesday, how about Tuesday or Thursday? The reduced competition might result in increased attendance and income.

Basketball, baseball and hockey all draw during the middle of the week, why not football? Midweek games would also allow the teams all weekend to practice. The idea may sound silly, but then, some thought the ABA's now successful regional franchise idea was silly, too.

ROBERT KOK

Blairsville, Pa.

ALI'S RETURN

Sirs:

In reporting on Muhammad Ali's sense of the dramatics as well as his unequalled boxing ability (*Sensational Return of the Old Ali*, Nov. 2), Mark Kram has described why Ali is one of the most electrifying and perhaps socially significant personalities in the world. His lack of formal education has certainly not prevented him from gaining an intense understanding of himself and his importance to the public as a black champion and a pacifist. In order to evaluate Ali it must be recognized that he is a member of a society currently suffering racial turmoil and facing difficult questions regarding the moral and religious convictions of individuals that conflict with the responsibilities placed upon them by government.

Ali may not remain the man no one could

defeat, but we now know that it will not be Jerry Quarry or Lesner Maddox who drops him for the count. And if he should regain his title by defeating Joe Frazier, there will remain only the U.S. judicial system to prove him mortal.

DENNIS WEBSTER, USA

APO New York

Sirs:

Muhammad Ali's performance after a 3½-year absence was certainly impressive. Although the fight did not last long enough to convince the skeptics of his endurance, his speed and agility (along with his previously underrated punching power) were present in all their grandeur during the three rounds of combat with Jerry Quarry. All the qualities of the old Ali are present in the new one. You've had your fun, Joe Frazier, but the champ is back.

J. PINE

Providence

Sirs:

I have to admit your article was a pretty good one, but Muhammad Ali doesn't stand a chance against Joe Frazier.

RANDY DUBBIN

Enola, Pa.

SMALL WONDER

Sirs:

I would like to thank Pat Putnam for the super article on small-college football (*They Don't Play No Matters Down There*, Nov. 2). It's about time somebody gave the NAIA teams some credit. They play good football. And some of these teams, such as Texas A&I, Arkansas State, Westminster and Westminster, could most likely come out with an 8-1 record against the powder-puff schedule that Ohio State plays.

MIKE COLE

Birmingham

Sirs:

Thanks for the story and the mention of Westminster College of New Wilmington, Pa. Dr. Harold Barry, Westminster's very successful coach, seems to have the formula for keeping the alumni happy, too. Barry-coached teams have never lost a homecoming game. That covers a span of 19 years!

R. DEAN ENGLISH

Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

Sirs:

Obviously Pat Putnam could not include every top small-college team, but how could he fail to at least mention the University of Delaware, the No. 1 team in the East for the past three years? Consider the Blue Hens' record: two consecutive Lambert cups and

continued

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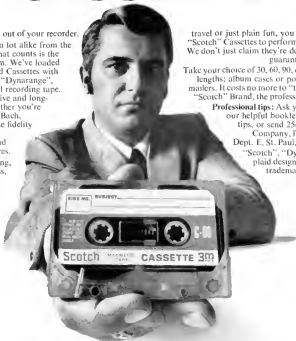
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10TH HOLE *continued*

two consecutive Boardwalk Bowl wins. Consider, too, the fact that their only losses last season were to major colleges (Villanova and Boston University). Delaware also owns a backfield that recently has been compared by one newspaper to Notre Dame's Four Horsemen.

KEVIN J. NEARY

Scranton, Pa.

Sirs:

There is another small-college giant. North Dakota State has won 67 of its last 71 games, captured or shared the conference title six consecutive times, been named No. 1 in 1963, 1968 and 1969 and just completed its fourth straight unbeaten regular season. The Bison bowl record for this period includes a 20-7 drubbing of Grambling, a 23-14 victory over Arkansas State and last year's 30-3 pasting of then-No. 2 Montana.

LYNN HELLMSTAD

Fargo, N. Dak.

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate Pat Putnam for his article on the small colleges. I would also like to point out that the University of Montana has been ranked second in the nation and is currently on its way to another 10-0 season!

TOM VANDEL

Billings, Mont.

Sirs:

Down here in South Carolina we have a college called Wofford which now has an 18-game winning streak. As of this date we're way down in the eighth spot in the AP poll, but we're moving up.

REX MAYNARD

Belton, S. C.

REVOLUTIONARY TENNIS

Sirs:

A large "welcome" sign should be hung up at Forest Hills for Dick Miles and his refreshing ideas on how to enliven the game of tennis (*Bloodscurry Tennis, Anyone?*, Nov. 2). I have only one suggestion: Rather than eliminating one of the traditional two serves altogether, perhaps it might be more interesting if each player were allowed the option of taking one double serve in each set with the additional option of accumulating the unused extra serves for use at a later and more opportune time in the match.

JOE PEARSON

Binghamton, N. Y.

Sirs:

Regarding Dick Miles' article on tennis, it seems to me that he would be the type who would make crashes mandatory at the Indy 500 and do away with huddles in football. In my opinion, he would be better off if he stuck to playing the so-called sport of

table tennis rather than writing articles about one of the few sports left with a little class.

ROBERT H. ROSENBAUM

Washington

BLACK ENTERPRISE

Sirs:

Since I went into business in 1967, many articles have been written about my company, All-Pro Enterprises, Inc., specifically and the subject of black capitalism generally. But never before in my experience have I seen this acutely significant subject treated in such a biased and flippant manner as was done by your "renowned restaurant critic," Gail Greene, in the Oct. 12 edition of SI (*A Guide to All-Star Indulgence*).

Although I'm sure the article was written for the entertainment of your readers, Miss Greene's description of the All-Pro Chicken franchise in Harlem was objectionable to us on so many counts that space won't permit me to enumerate them—so say nothing of having black capitalism classified as something like a side order of french fries. It is obvious that Miss Greene did not get this information from me or from any of my staff.

For the benefit of your readers, I would like to point out that the emphasis of our All-Pro Enterprise program is not on sports but on providing jobs and business opportunities for blacks all over the country, which we have been doing by the hundreds. The All-Pro Group also includes All-Pro Equities, Inc., Young Professionals, Inc. and Inter City Development, Inc. as well as Brady Keys' Kentucky Fried Chicken. Before 1971 is over, the number of people we have helped will be in the thousands.

BRADY KEYS JR.
President
All-Pro Enterprises, Inc.

Pittsburgh

ZONE DEFENSE

Sirs,

I am glad to see that still another NBA coach, Jack Ramsay of the Philadelphia 76ers, has come out in support of legalization of the zone defense. The original need for outlawing the zone—to prevent a slowdown—has since been satisfied by the 24-second rule. The main opposition to instituting the zone seems to come from NBA Rules Committee Chairman Eddie Gottlieb, who apparently believes that the paying spectator will not like the zone.

As an avid follower of both professional and college basketball, I fail to see the validity of this belief. In my opinion, there is nothing more exciting in the game than a well-executed full-court zone press—and nothing more boring than watching some superstar score 40 points a game because no one can stop him man-to-man. The zone defense would not kill professional basketball.

continued

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16TH HOLE continued

ball any more than the blitz has killed pro football. Instead, it would call for and bring about a higher degree of teamwork, both in employing the zone and in attacking it—and teamwork is what sets basketball above other sports.

But why argue about it? If Mr. Gentile really wants to please the spectators, he should find out where they stand on the issue. The NBA could pass out ballots to the fans at one designated home game of each team. I believe this to be the fairest method of settling this controversy.

KENNETH ASHBY

Lexington, Ky.

CITIZENS' ALERT

Sirs:

I commend you and your staff for your constant interest in and defense of all forms of conservation. In particular I refer to your stand on pollution of the waterways by atomic power plants and other sources, such as the Penn Central Railroad (*My Struggle to Help the President*, Feb. 16).

Your SCORECARD report, "Munsy with a Bounty" (Oct. 12), may have pointed out one way to interest an apathetic citizenry in programs concerned with water pollution. We may not be willing to clean up the environment so that we can breathe more easily or drink naturally purified water, but perhaps if more people can be made aware of the fact that they stand to receive half of the fine assessed against a water polluter that they report, we can get some action.

ROBERT C. KELLY

Youngstown, Ohio

UP AND AWAY

Sirs:

I read Harold Peterson's article, *Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness* (Oct. 19), with considerable interest and can assure you that hot-air ballooning is just as he describes it. Defiance College owns a Raven balloon and offers a course in hot-air ballooning. It is taught by a virologist and a Civil War historian, both of whom are licensed balloonists.

DAVID G. RUFFER

Dean of Faculty
The Defiance College

Defiance, Ohio

Sirs:

Your Oct. 19 issue contained a terrific write-up on balloonist Link Baum. Thanks to Harold Peterson for conveying the thoughts and insights of this sky dweller. It was refreshing to see earthbound people.

DECK LITTLETON

Boulder City, Nev.

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1 Bill and Jean Schmidt of San Francisco had heard of the fascinating fire walking ceremony of Fiji and made a four hour crossing to get to the island of Beqa. "We were met by the chief of the fire walkers,"

Jean tells us: "The chief was so impressed that we came all the way from the mainland to see his ceremony, that he asked Bill if he'd like to partake, a most unusual privilege!"

2 "Six hours before the ceremony began, rocks and bugle logs were placed into the pit and covered with dry palm fronds. Then turned into a roaring inferno, with flames leaping 25 feet high. By dusk the rocks were white hot, with a temperature of close to 1,000 degrees centigrade.



3 "Full-dress warriors charged the fire with 15-foot poles, settling the stones. Then the fire walkers, without any fear of the unbearable heat, trod confidently over the rocks, the chief motioning for Bill to join them. But of course nobody else could possibly do that.

4 "Back at the Korolevu Beach Hotel, we told our friends about it over a bottle of Canadian Club. Smooth as the wind. Mellow as sunshine. Friendly as laughter. Canadian Club is the whisky that's light enough for women, yet bold enough for men. The whisky that's "The Best In The House"[®] in 87 lands.



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